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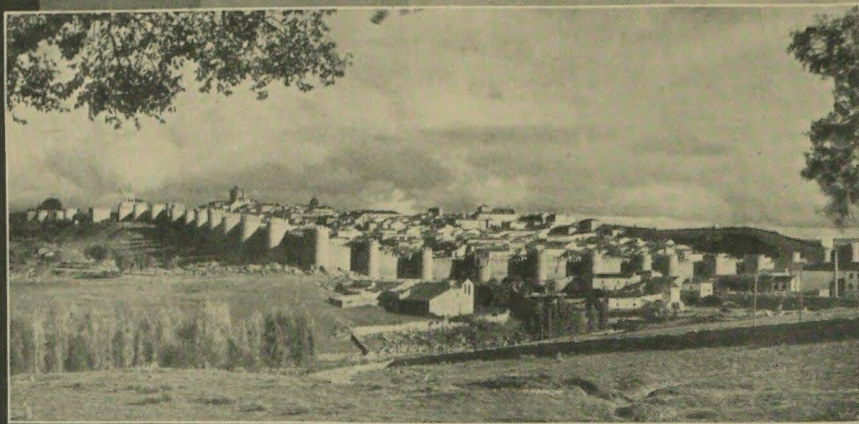
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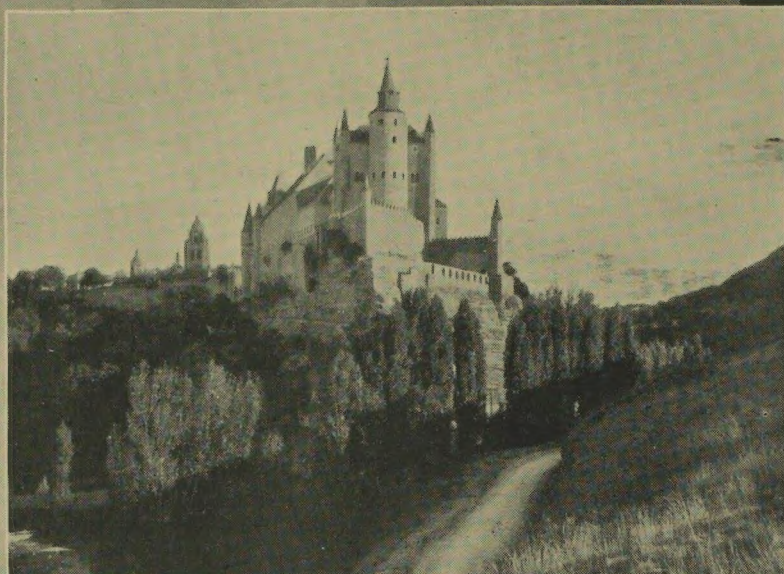
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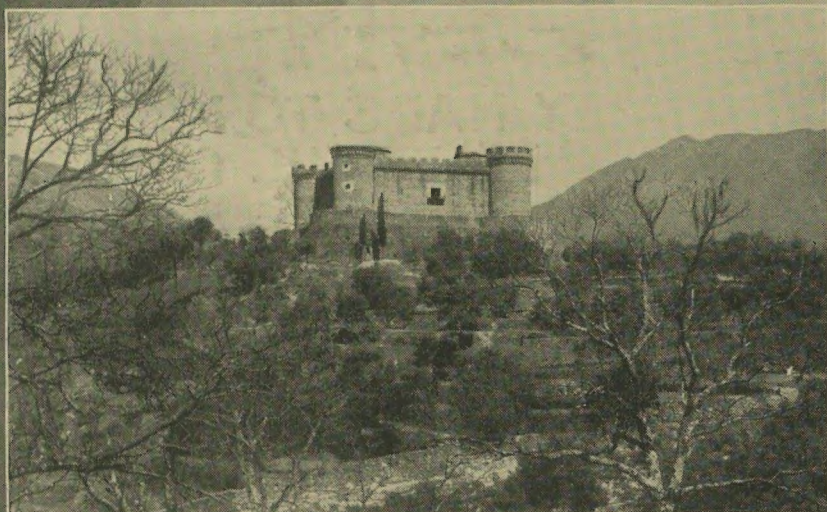
CASTLES OF SPAIN



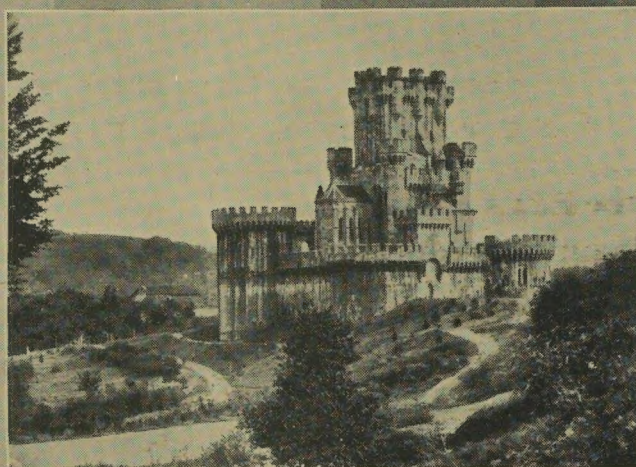
Avila. General view



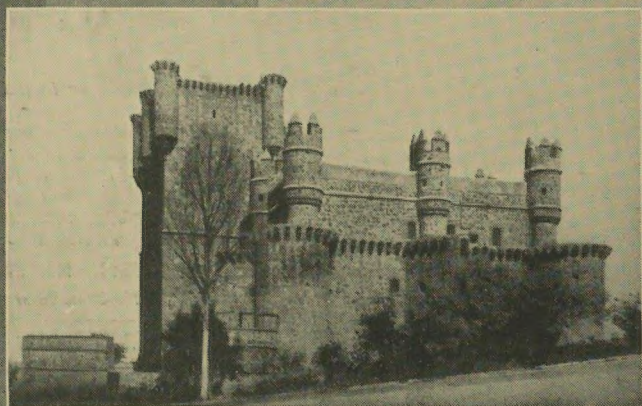
Alcázar of Segovia.



Castle of Mombeltrán.

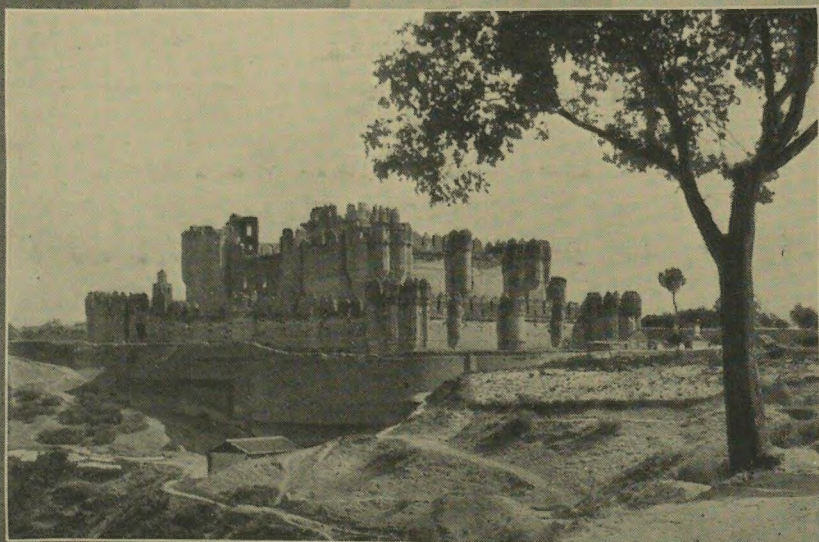


Castle of Butrón

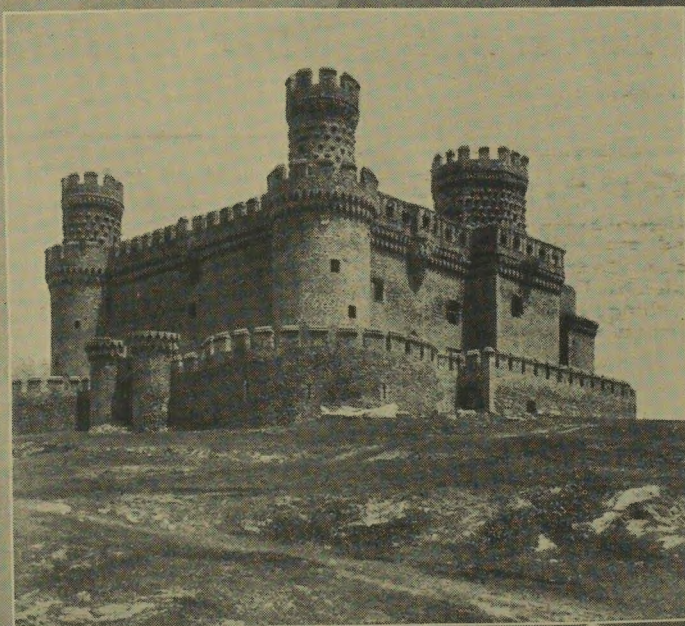


Castle of Guadamur.

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Castle of Coca.



Castle of Manzanares el Real.

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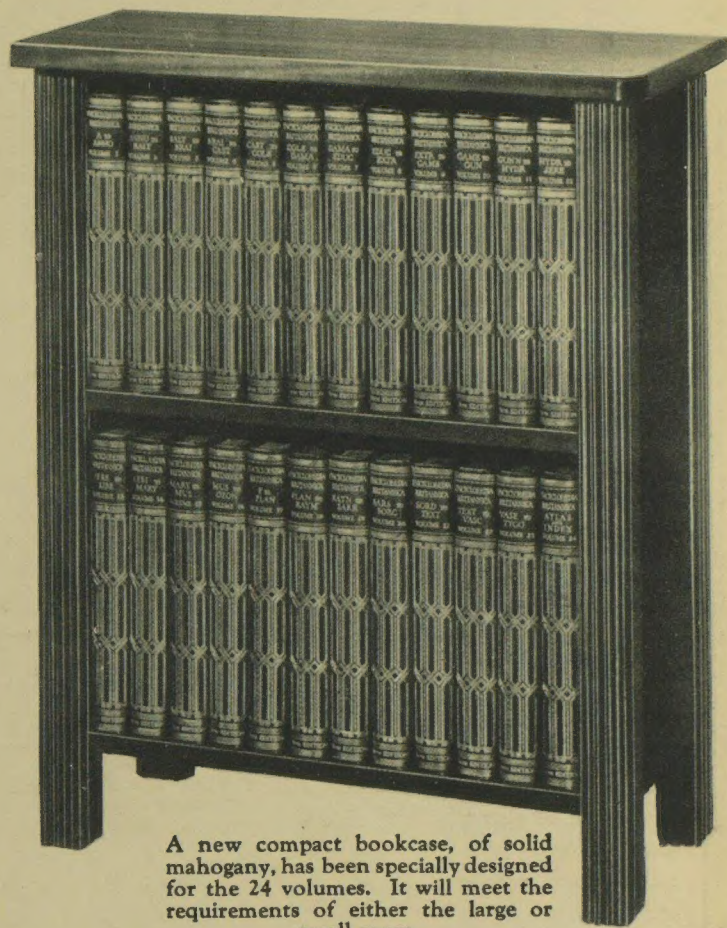
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It's only for your sake I wear
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And now, because you've done it right
And earned Abdulla's deep Delight,
Don't keep me waiting half the night!"

—F. R. HOLMES.

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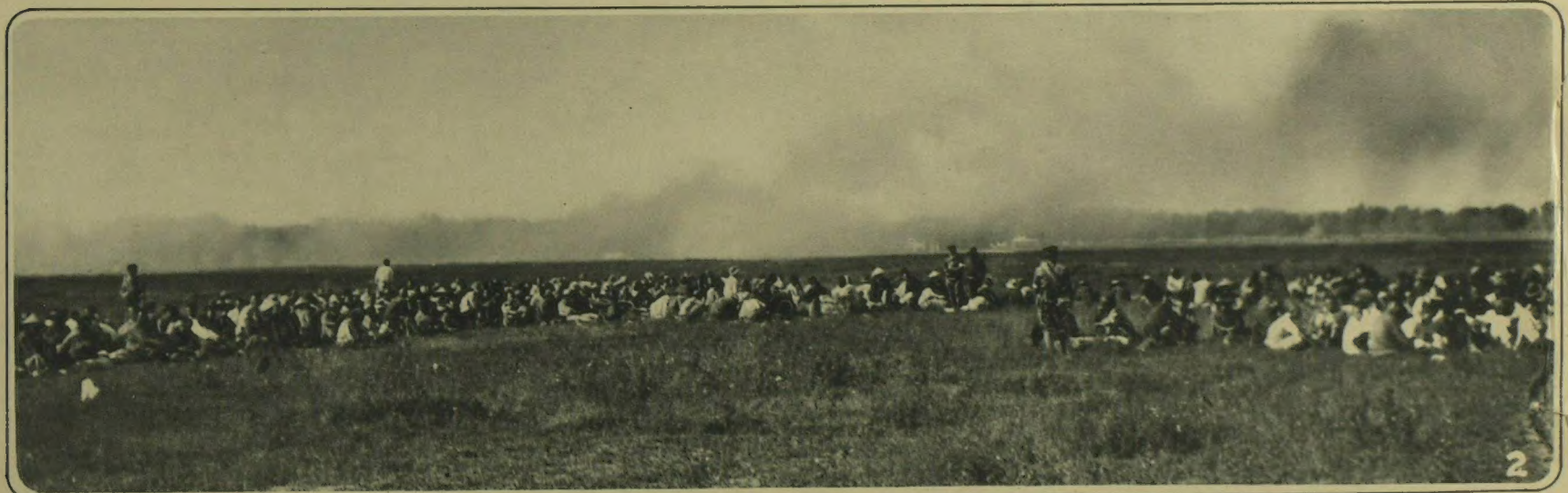
TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1931.



JAPANESE ACTION IN MANCHURIA: (1) A JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN POST IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF MUKDEN; (2) CHINESE PRISONERS UNDER JAPANESE MILITARY GUARD, AND (IN BACKGROUND) THE NORTH BARRACKS AT MUKDEN ON FIRE.

THE CHINO-JAPANESE IMBROGLIO IN MANCHURIA: INCIDENTS OF THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF MUKDEN.

Photographs are now to hand of actual incidents at Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, on September 19, when (as noted in our issue of the 26th) the city was occupied by Japanese troops. Here and on page 549 we publish several of these photographs. Since they were taken, of course, there have been various developments. The dispute was referred to the League of Nations, whose efforts towards conciliation were announced by the President of the League Council,

Señor Lerroux, of Spain. It was stated on October 4 that the Spanish Consul-General in Shanghai, presumably on the President's behalf, had been instructed to proceed to Manchuria to make inquiries; also that the Nanking Government had requested the United States to appoint representatives to investigate the situation. Further notes on recent happenings connected with Manchuria are given under our other illustrations.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR the last month there has been everywhere incessant and even monotonous mention of Gandhi and hardly any discussion of Gandhi, or, indeed, of anything else. Discussion in the old decisive and systematic sense seems to have disappeared from our bewildered politics and journalism. Twenty years ago imperialists would have been much more furiously opposed to Gandhi and idealists and revolutionists would have been much more wholeheartedly in favour of Gandhi. But they would have so far raged reasonably that they would have all tried to give some reason for raging. To-day there has settled on nearly everybody a curious sort of detachment and irresponsibility about all such problems; a spirit of cold comedy. We seem to have discovered that he is a puzzle and therefore decided that he is a joke. The popular press, which was often also the patriotic press, seems unable to get any further than the fact that he wears some sort of white garment; in which respect he sets a good example of decorum and respectability to some of our own Nordic Nudists in Anglo-Saxon model villages or German holiday resorts, or other regions of the West which seems likely to become rather a Wild West. Moreover, the worthy Mahatma apparently goes about everywhere carrying a spinning-wheel as his principal light luggage, so that he may produce more and more garments if his own are really insufficient. Whereas we may safely say of the German Gymnosophists that they toil not, neither do they spin; though we cannot say of them that they are clothed like Solomon in all his glory, and still less in all his wisdom. Indeed, in all such things there is a paradox about Gandhi that may well puzzle the sophisticated confusion of our own society just now. In some respects he stands not merely for ancient Asiatic ideas, but also for ancient European ideas, and even for ancient English ideas. He said the other day, for instance, that, in spite of all the specious casuistry of "the economic independence of women," the normal thing was to preserve the unity of the family and the male as the external breadwinner of the family. There is nothing particularly Hindu, or even anything specially Indian, about that. Many of his remarks in that connection would remind the reader much more of Cobbett than of Buddha.

Everybody knows, of course, that until a little while ago we acted on a simple principle in these matters. The principle was that the best way to rule India was not to understand India. There was something to be said for it. There is a very important difference between not understanding a thing and misunderstanding it. And it is misunderstanding

that always does harm, where merely not understanding may be relatively harmless. I do not understand trigonometry or logarithms, having cheerfully neglected Mathematics in that happy season when they were known as Maths. But I am better off than a man who supposes that trigonometry has something to do with triggers; or that logarithms are as easy as falling off a log. I do not understand harmony or the higher laws of music; but I am not so dangerous as a gentleman who should wander

bland ignorance was less misleading than much of the cheap culture now taught to our children as ethnology or comparative religion.

Let me take any simple example of the sort of thing I mean. It may have been very comic or tragic that a commercial adventurer should govern an Eastern civilisation, when he did not know the difference between Buddhism and Brahminism. But if he did not know, it may well have been rather an additional advantage that he did not care. He did not misunderstand Buddhism or Brahminism because he did not understand them; he did not misinterpret them because he did not try to understand them. But suppose there suddenly jumps up a bright young man in spectacles who has studied "Comparative Creed - Forms" in the Cosmopolis College in Arizona. He will, I greatly fear, say something like this: "It's mere prejudice, of course, to prefer one religion to another; they are all really much the same; the Buddhist worships Buddha just as the Christian worships Christ." Now that is false. It is quite vitally and fundamentally false. It is a real and serious misunderstanding of Buddhism; much more serious than any mere ignorance of Buddhism that would blindly lump it along with Brahminism. It is, in one sense, even an undervaluing of Buddhism, in so far as it misses the particular metaphysical creation which was the work of Buddha. It is as much of a misunderstanding as if somebody said, "Englishmen are now looking to the Prime Minister as Catholics look to the Pope." True Buddhism is not the worship of Buddha as a God; it is rather the following of Buddha into a sphere of simplification where there is no need of a God. I merely give that example because it arises in the Oriental connection; but the point is that the narrow-minded bureaucrat who understood nothing may well have been wiser than the broadminded and progressive prig who can misunderstand anything.

There is another moral to this. The old bureaucrat did not know what the natives believed, but he knew what he believed and his nation believed; and in those days they believed something. He might have shot or hanged Gandhi; but he would have entirely agreed with Gandhi in saying that a man ought to work for his wife and family. But to-day the West is itself in such a welter that we have actually lost many of the primary principles that even the East has preserved. And when we hear a few fragments of our own original Christianity and common sense, whether about the husband or the husbandman, we think they are the eccentricities of a Mahatma.

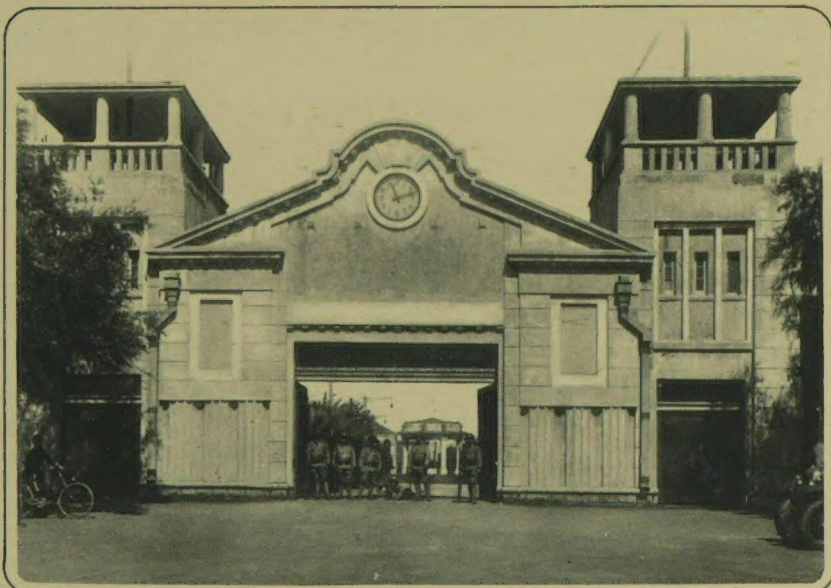


INTIMATE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FRENCH MINISTERS DISCUSSING FRANCO-GERMAN CO-OPERATION WITH THE GERMAN MINISTERS IN BERLIN: AT THE CHANCELLERY—DR. CURTIUS, THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER; DR. BRÜNING, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR; M. LAVAL, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER; AND M. BRIAND, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER (LEFT TO RIGHT).

As noted in our issue of last week, when we gave a page of illustrations dealing with the subject, M. Laval and M. Briand reached Berlin on September 27, to discuss with Dr. Brüning and Dr. Curtius the possibilities of Franco-German economic co-operation. The French Ministers left for Paris on the 29th.

about the world with the conviction that "contrapuntal" means getting angry with people in punts. These lighter instances are, perhaps, less likely to arise, but in the real cases that do arise a further complication also arises. The misunderstandings commonly come in with culture, and are absent from mere ignorance. The state of being ignorant, which is comparatively innocent, goes with a confession of ignorance, even if it is also a confession of indifference. But the man who misunderstands is the man who is mistaken in supposing that he understands. This situation has arisen very notably in relation to the races and religions of India. And, though I am no Imperialist and certainly no idolater of the old régime in such dependencies, I fancy that its blank and

THE JAPANESE COUP IN MANCHURIA: SCENES IN OCCUPIED MUKDEN.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS ARSENAL AT MUKDEN, A FEW HOURS AFTER THE OCCUPATION: JAPANESE SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT THE GATES.



JAPANESE ARTILLERY HALTED INSIDE THE WALLED CITY OF MUKDEN: A GUN DETACHMENT, AND (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) A SCALING-LADDER ON A LORRY.

AS noted on our front page preceding, these photographs illustrate the Japanese occupation of Mukden on September 19. Our correspondent who sends them writes: "According to the Japanese official version, shortly before 11 p.m. on the night of September 18, some soldiers from the Chinese North Barracks blew up the railway line near the barracks, and this precipitated matters. The Japanese attacked the Chinese troops and the barracks, which were afterwards set on fire. There were but few casualties on either side, as most of the Chinese threw away their arms and uniforms and either escaped into open country or were captured. The North Barracks are outside the Walled City. The Japanese were in possession of the city before daylight, meeting with no resistance once they had forced the gates, which are always closed at night." On September 24 was published a Japanese official statement offering to negotiate a settlement with China, and declaring: "At the time of the collision the Japanese forces in Manchuria numbered 10,400; the Chinese forces 220,000. To forestall imminent danger the Japanese troops had to act swiftly, but when the Chinese soldiers had been disarmed the Japanese were

[Continued below.]

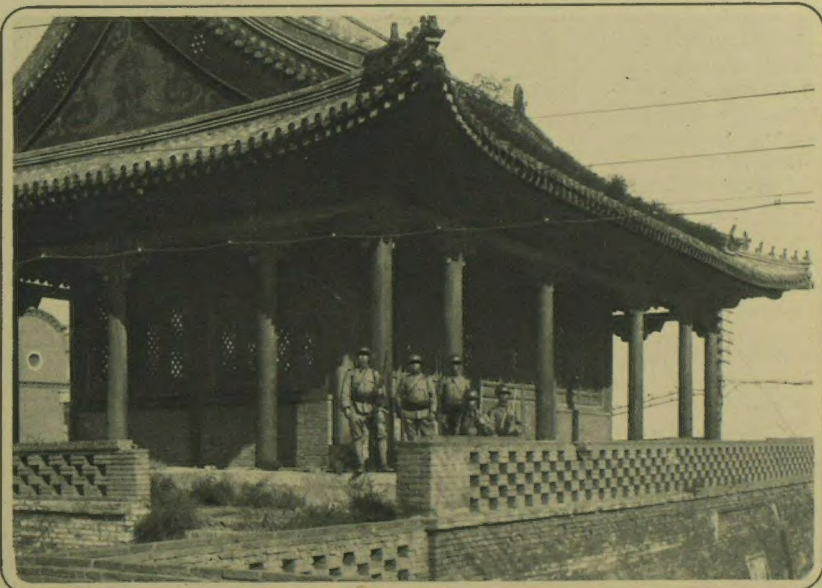


A JAPANESE ARMoured CAR PASSING THROUGH THE CITY GATE OF MUKDEN: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE ARCHED ENTRANCE IN THE MASSIVE WALLS OF THE MANCHURIAN CAPITAL.



JAPANESE QUICK-FIRING GUNS READY FOR ACTION OUTSIDE MUKDEN: A TYPICAL GROUP OF THE FORCES THAT SUDDENLY OCCUPIED THE CITY ON SEPTEMBER 19.

[Continued.] recalled within the railway zone, and the military occupation was abandoned." Meanwhile anti-Japanese disturbances occurred in Hong-Kong, where about six Japanese were killed and thirty injured before the trouble was suppressed.



JAPANESE TROOPS IN A CHINESE SETTING: A GUARD PLACED ON THE NORTH GATE AT MUKDEN, AFTER A SHORT BUT BRISK ACTION AT THE NORTH BARRACKS OUTSIDE.

On October 4 it was reported that a Japanese force had occupied Newchwang, and that Japanese destroyers had been ordered to Shanghai owing to the anti-Japanese movement on the Yangtze.

CUSHIONS OF THE DIVAN OF DELIGHT.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE ROMANCE OF WINE," by H. WARNER ALLEN; and "A HISTORY OF SMOKING," by COUNT CORTI.*

(PUBLISHED BY BENN.)

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

TURKISH poets of the seventeenth century (we learn from Count Corti) "in defiance of the Koran, were in the habit of praising coffee, tobacco, opium, and wine too, as the four elements of the world of pleasure, the four cushions of the divan of delight." For Occidentals, the cushion of opium is banished—prudishly, perhaps—from the divan, and the cushion of coffee, though inviting (if one can only sleep upon it!), is scarcely regarded as indispensable. Tobacco "and wine too" remain as elements of our world of pleasure, indispensable and, let us hope, immutable.

"And wine too!" Mr. Warner Allen will hear with pain this inadequate reference to wine, as if it were a mere afterthought; but he will remember, in leniency, that the Prophet was an early and violent Prohibitionist and that these Turkish poets were valiant rebels. For Mr. Allen wine is unquestionably the first and fairest of the divan's cushions. He has here written a book about it which

appreciation has been enhanced by a touch of wistful regret, lest such wines should never again be produced." Alas! how many of us have drunk the Bordeaux of those great years? However, there is a bouquet even in the reading of them, and, if Mr. Allen dallies tantalisingly with wines which most of us will never roll round our tongues, he does not forget the practical requirements of less exquisite wine-bibbers, who may profit greatly by his sound, clear instruction in "the technique of wine-drinking." And although the fabled 'sixties and 'seventies are fast receding into myth and memory, none of us even to-day is without the means of grace: for is not 1921 the greatest of all years for the white wines of Germany? This is a privilege which nobody should neglect, for, as Mr. Allen says, there is nothing quite comparable among white wines to the fairy-like delicacy of a fine Moselle.

The description of the making of wine is confined to two types of natural red and white wines—the red of Bordeaux and Burgundy, the white of the Rhein and the Moselle—and two types of artificially blended wines—sherry and port. Mr. Allen infuses a certain epic quality into his narrative. Grapes become wine only by unremitting strife. Countless enemies lie in wait to cheat man of his delight, and sometimes they have been of peculiar ferocity and unlimited fighting-strength—as when oidium and phylloxera descended upon the vineyards of Europe and nearly destroyed them. But, apart from these Decisive Battles of the Vine, unrelenting warfare goes on ceaselessly among the hidden combatants whom Pasteur first brought to view—the angel-microbes which strive that the wine shall "move itself aright" into the proper fermentations, and the imp-microbes which seek to turn it into vinegar. It is a furious and an exciting contest, and judicious intervention in it is but one of the vigneron's complex tasks. "Wine is most certainly the result of an unending struggle against difficulties, and its excellence is in proportion to the formidable nature of the obstacles overcome." The difficulties are not only of soil, weather, insect-life, chemistry, and bacteriology, but of grosser forms of attack, such as Prohibition and cocktails. Nobody can read Mr. Allen's book without entertaining affectionate respect for the vigneron and his ancient art, or without

looking upon a bottle of good wine as a finer creature for the travail in which it was born, or without echoing Mr. Allen's solemn commination of "the blasphemy of Prohibition."

In this book we see the indomitable vigneron in his proper setting, and nobody can fail to enjoy his wine the more for having accompanied Mr. Allen through the



A MAYA PRIEST SMOKING: A CARVING FROM THE TEMPLE IN THE RUINED CITY OF PALENQUE.

"The religious ceremonies of the Mayas included the use of incense made from the leaves of the local tobacco; this they blew, out of some object resembling a pipe, in the direction of the sun and the four points of the compass." This relief, from the so-called Cross Temple at Palenque, represents "a priest engaged in a ceremony of this kind; he has a head-dress in the form of an eagle, a serpent between his feet, and a leopard-skin on his back; in his hand he holds something in the form of a tube from which smoke is emitted."

After Brasseur. Reproduced from "A History of Smoking," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co.

must at once take its place in the front rank of English Dionysiac prose. It combines the enthusiastic and discriminating appreciation of the connoisseur with copious expert knowledge of the processes of manufacture. And in this latter aspect, though its technical detail is unstinted, it never becomes dull, for it contrives to surround the chemical and bacteriological life of the grape with that romance, that "mystery," in which, properly regarded, it assuredly abounds.

Mr. Allen begins with a chapter which might have been entitled "Great Wines I Have Known." The reader will accompany him enviously, and perhaps a little sorrowfully, in reminiscences of grand symposia where many a beaded bubble winked at the brim: sorrowfully, for he cannot but reflect that such symposia are reserved for the fortunate few. We have not all profited by our opportunities. "Those claret-lovers who have reached years of discretion during the first thirty years of the present century have been singularly blessed. They have been able to drink at the height of their perfection the noblest wines the world has ever known, the pre-phylloxera clarets of the great vintages between 1864 and 1878, and their



IN ONE OF LONDON'S "TABAGIES" IN THE DAYS OF THE STUARTS: THE INTERIOR OF A SMOKING-TAVERN.

"In those early times pipes were rare and precious possessions; in the so-called *tabagies*—meeting-places resembling the ordinary taverns—they were passed from hand to hand, so that the same pipe served many people in the course of a sitting."

After a Drawing in the British Museum. Reproduced from "A History of Smoking," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co.

vineyards of France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal. There is always an exuberance of sheer, primordial paganism about the vintage, and we have many vivid glimpses of it in Mr. Allen's pictures of the wine-festival in the Moselle country, or round Jerez, in the Douro valley. Dim, deep instincts which are hidden away in all of us (except the waterlogged) stir as we read of naked men immersed up to their necks in seething must, of men and women linked in their lusty, ecstatic dance upon the wine-press, of semi-barbaric carnival at El Alamo under a full moon "theatrically large and unreal," and (in gentler mood) of the pretty ceremony of shoe-cleaning at the entrance to a Moselle vineyard. What growing thing but the grape can claim so much of pageantry and pomp, and so deservedly?

Mr. Allen is no 'bigot, and we welcome his catholic taste; for different wines suit different moods, and it is as possible—indeed, as necessary—to appreciate, according to the occasion, all wine, from Lafite '64 to *vin ordinaire*, as it is to appreciate all music "from Bach to Offenbach." Yet we all have our favourites, and to the present writer it is refreshing to read Mr. Allen's eulogy of sherry, that nectar so complex in its manufacture, yet so pure and ingenuous in its effect.

A wide and affectionate knowledge of the classics permeates this book, which contains much curious and interesting learning concerning the wines of the ancients.

Tobacco, the other cushion of the divan of delight, is the subject of Count Corti's entertaining treatise. We have spoken of wine's valiant struggle for survival and perfection; but tobacco has had to fight an even more bitter battle, and few will realise, until they read this book, how strenuous the warfare has been throughout the ages.

Smoking began as a priestly rite among the Mayas and Aztecs, being undoubtedly connected with worship of fire—that is, of the sun. As is well known, it was brought to the Old World by explorers and sailors, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it spread through European countries with extraordinary rapidity. The sixteenth century was its *floruit*, and its popularity was due not only to its intrinsic charms, but to the superstitions which quickly surrounded it. To its advocates, it was not only a panacea for all ills, but an unrivalled prophylactic. Even in the seventeenth century, when it had become a centre of fierce controversy, it was energetically canvassed as a disinfectant against the Great Plague, and even "the boys at Eton had to smoke every morning as a means of disinfecting themselves."

[Continued on page 580.]



A SOLDIER SMOKING: A PICTURE BY J. TOORENVLIET, THE DUTCH PAINTER (C. 1641-1719).

Reproduced from "A History of Smoking," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co.

* "The Romance of Wine." By H. Warner Allen. (Benn; 21s.)
"A History of Smoking." By Count Corti. (Harrap; 12s. 6d.)

FROM OVER 400 MILES
AN HOUR IN THE AIR:

BRITAIN'S FIVE WORLD'S
SPEED RECORDS.

AEROPLANE

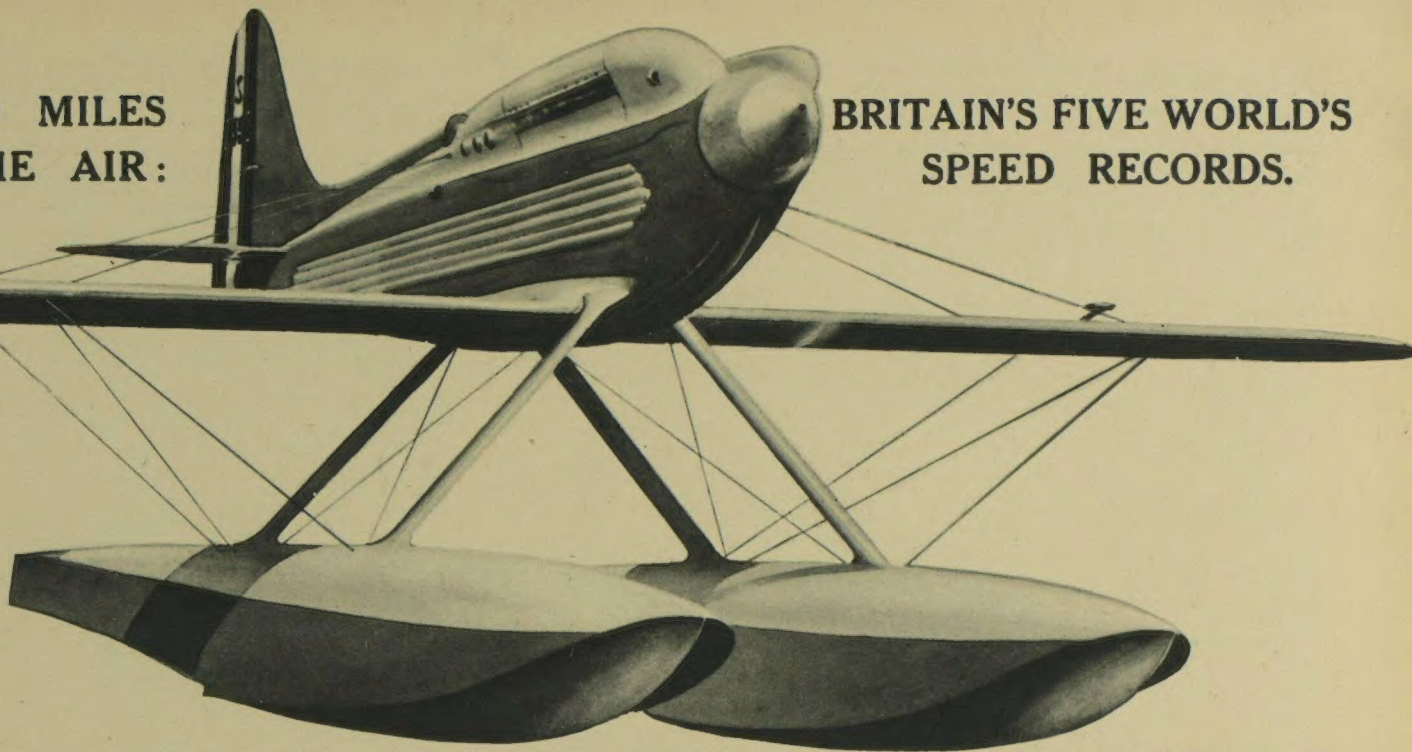


408.8

MILES
AN
HOUR

(Flight-Lieut.
G. H. Stainforth.)

FLIGHT-LIEUT.
G. H. STAINFORTH.



MOTOR-CAR

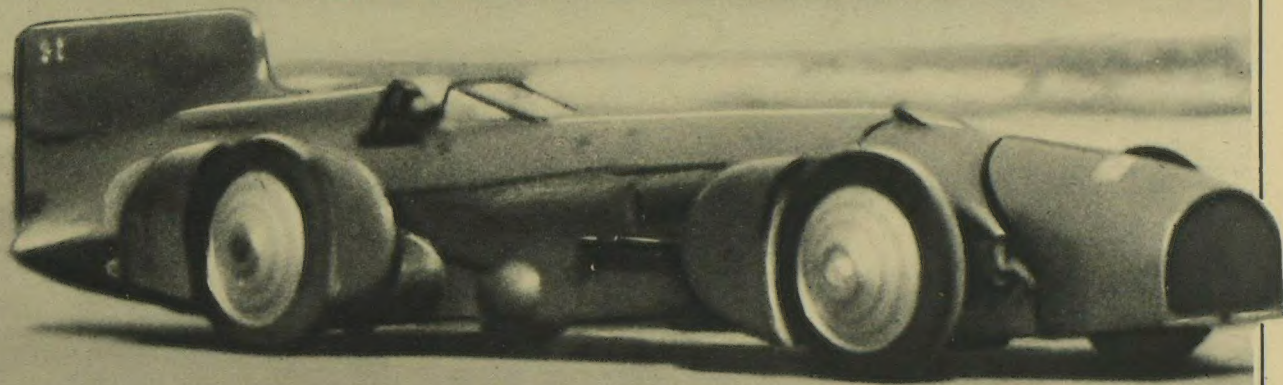


246.09

MILES
AN
HOUR

(Sir Malcolm
Campbell.)

SIR MALCOLM
CAMPBELL.



MOTOR- CYCLE

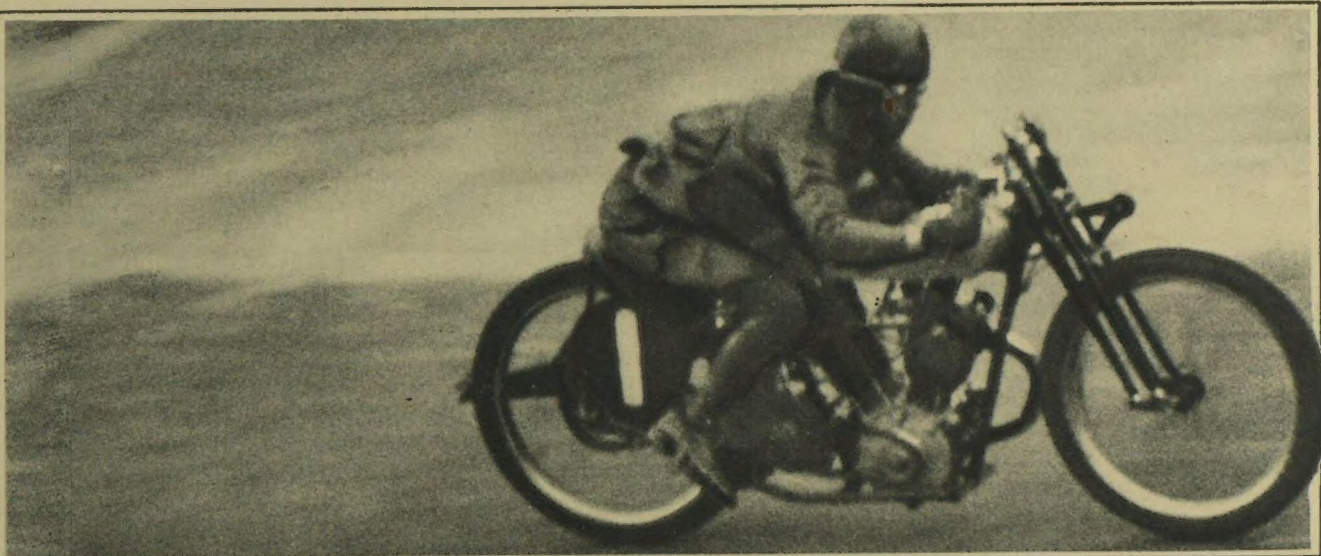


150.7

MILES
AN
HOUR

(Mr. J. S. Wright.)

MR. J. S. WRIGHT.



MOTOR-BOAT

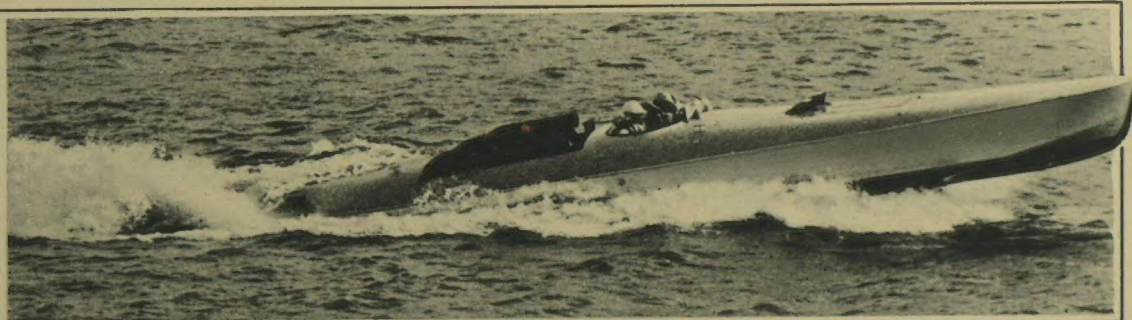


110

MILES
AN HOUR

MR. KAYE DON.

(Mr. Kaye Don.)



BRITAIN holds the world's speed records for aeroplanes, motor-cars, motor-cycles, and motor-boats; and also the record for the fastest start-to-stop railway journey—Swindon to Paddington by the Great Western Railway's "Cheltenham Flyer." Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, flying a Vickers-Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S.6.B." monoplane at Calshot, made four runs. The first was at 415.2 miles an hour; the second at 405.1 m.p.h.; the third at 409.5 m.p.h.; the fourth at 405.4 m.p.h.—an average speed of 408.8 m.p.h. Sir Malcolm Campbell, driving his "Blue Bird II," with a 1400-h.p. Napier Aero engine, at Daytona Beach, Florida, established a new world's record for land-speed of 246.09 miles an hour. The previous record was 231.36226 m.p.h. Mr. J. S. Wright, who was driving an O.E.C. Temple-Jap motor-cycle, attained a speed of 150.7 m.p.h. This was at Cork. Mr. Kaye Don, driving "Miss England II," raised the water-speed record to 110 m.p.h. This was on Lake Garda. By travelling from Swindon to Paddington non-stop in 59½ minutes, the G.W.R. "Cheltenham Flyer" regained the record for the fastest start-to-stop railway journey in the world. Previously this had been held by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

RAILWAY

77½

MILES IN
59½ MINUTES

(The "Cheltenham Flyer.")

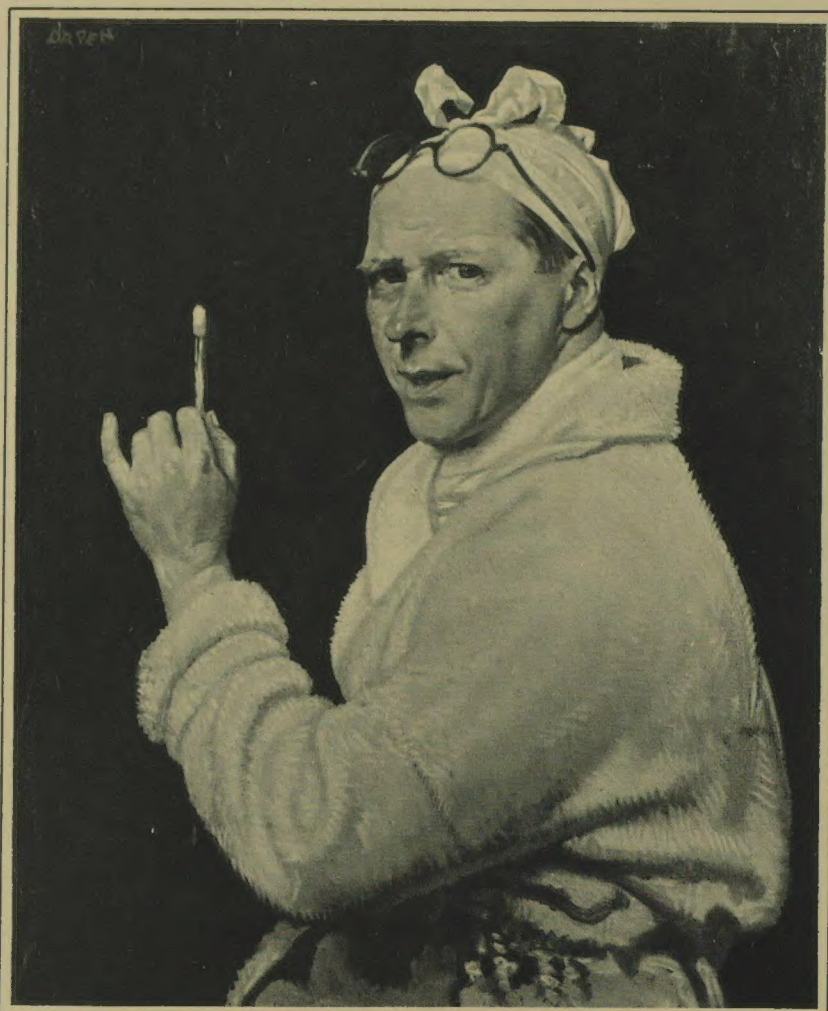


THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM ORPEN: SELF-PORTRAITS OF THE ARTIST.

"THE ARTIST" REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.) THE COPYRIGHTS OF THE OTHER PICTURES ALSO STRICTLY RESERVED.



ORPEN PAINTED BY HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS AN OFFICIAL ARTIST IN THE WAR: "THE ARTIST"; ONE OF THE WORKS PRESENTED TO THE NATION.

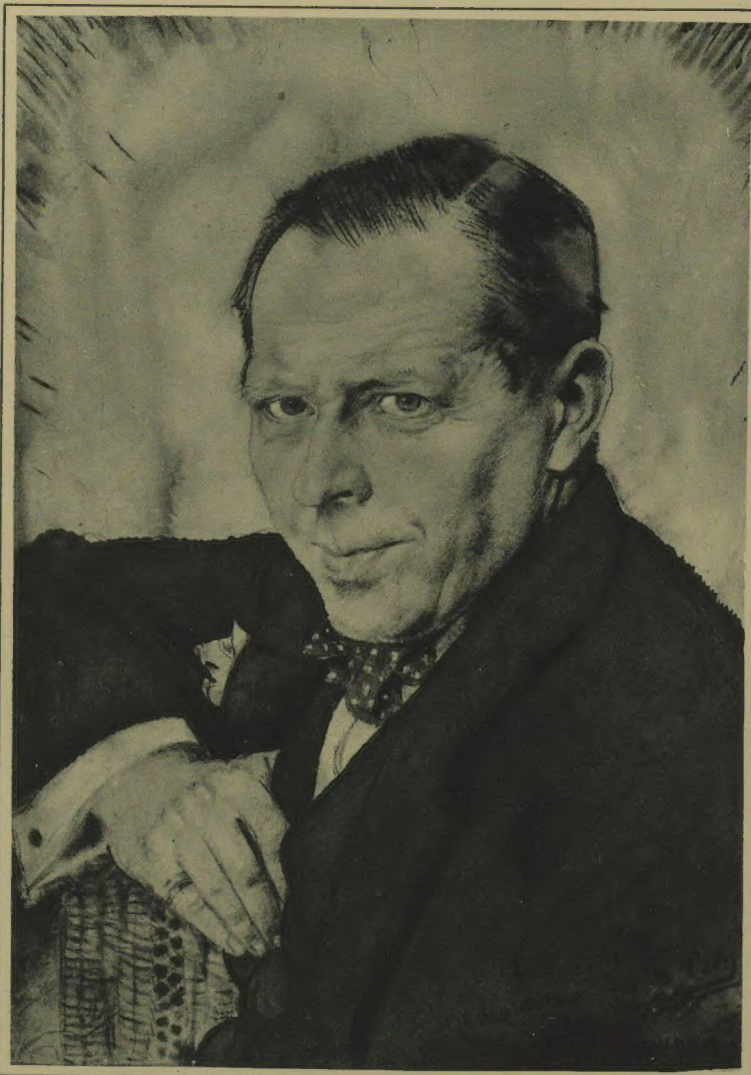


ORPEN AS "MAN WITH PAINT-BRUSH": THE ARTIST'S FAVOURITE SELF-PORTRAIT; A WORK PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



"ORPSIE BOY, YOU'RE NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU WERE, MY LAD": THE TENTH SELF-PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ORPEN, A WATER-COLOUR DATED PARIS, 1924.

Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A., died on September 29 in his fifty-third year: the world lost a master artist and many a very human friend. When he passed, "Orpsie Boy"—as his familiars dubbed him and as he loved to be called—was comparatively young as age is reckoned in these days, but he had crowded much into the span that was his. He was only eleven when he entered the Metropolitan School of Art, in Dublin, there to study for seven years. Then he went to London, to the Slade, where Augustus John and he were the two most provocative figures, and he remained there for two years. His success was



"OLDER AGAIN, ORPSIE BOY": THE ELEVENTH SELF-PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ORPEN; A WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITED IN LONDON IN 1926.

immediate and his fame waxed throughout his career, thanks to scores of powerful pictures and almost innumerable "speaking" portraits. During the war he was an official artist and painted a great deal and vigorously. Later, his "Signing of Peace" was acrimoniously discussed, not only because of its brilliance, but because of the manner in which the artist subordinated the Great Men to the magnitude and magnificence of the Galerie des Glaces. He favoured self-portraiture; in fact, it may be doubted if any other famous painter "sat" to himself so often. We give some characteristic examples of this phase of his work.

WONDROUS CAVE TEMPLES OF WU CHOU SHAN:

CHINA'S OLDEST AND MOST IMPRESSIVE RELICS OF BUDDHIST SCULPTURE; REMOTE AND LITTLE-KNOWN FIFTH-CENTURY MONUMENTS.

By GORDON KING, F.R.C.S. (See Illustrations on pages 554 to 557.)

JUST within the confines of the Great Wall, and hidden away in a secluded river valley in the northern part of the modern province of Shansi, are to be found some of the most interesting and ancient of the stone monuments in China. The impressive stone carvings of the Buddhist cave temples at Wu Chou Shan are of interest not only for their genuine antiquity and artistic merit, but also because they represent the oldest Buddhistic stone monuments known to China, and as such have exercised a very important influence upon the subsequent development of Buddhist art in that country. Separated from the coast by a journey of nearly 400 miles by railroad and mule-track, and situated in a region at times infested with bandits, these temples are removed from the beaten path of the ordinary traveller, and are therefore much less widely known than their importance merits.

The cave temples of Wu Chou Shan date back to the time of the Northern Wei Dynasty, which originated in the powerful kingdom of the Toba Tartars. Coming from the region of Lake Baikal, these Tartars soon established their supremacy over surrounding kingdoms, and, taking the dynastic title of Wei, set up their seat of government in the city of P'ing Ch'eng (the modern Tatung) in 386 A.D. The capital remained here until 494 A.D., when it was transferred to Loyang, which became the seat of empire until the fall of the dynasty in 535 A.D.

The Northern Weis were great sculptors as well as ardent Buddhists, and they introduced a new type of art into China in the form of rock-carvings and cave-sculptures in which the predominant feature was the human figure clothed in flowing folds of drapery. Both at P'ing Ch'eng and later at Loyang, the Northern Wei Dynasty laid its chief

execution, a type of art was produced which has since been imitated but never excelled in Buddhist China.

There is some difference of opinion as to the exact date at which the work on the Wu Chou caves

literally, thousands of Buddhas carved out of the solid rock (e.g., Fig. 5, page 554). Others are much smaller and more superficial in their situation, and contain only a few figures. Originally all the carved

work appears to have been covered by the gesso process and then painted in various colours. In some of the larger figures there may still be seen the holes whereby the gesso was applied to the surface of the stone (Fig. 7). In many caves the colouring still remains, and the decorative work, with its gorgeous colours and almost Indian beauty, is one of the most striking features of the caves.

The caves are not altogether uniform in construction, although certain general principles hold good in most of the larger ones. The entrance is by a comparatively small opening at ground-level, but the interior is very much larger than might have been anticipated from without. Not infrequently the height of the cave is 40 to 50 feet, and in the largest examples may even exceed 60 feet. To help the lighting, a further aperture is often made perpendicularly

above the entrance and close to the roof, but leaving a considerable portion of the intervening face of the cliff intact. In spite of this device, however, many of the caves are almost pitch-dark inside, and several of the interior photographs

(Continued on page 582.)



FIG. A. THE TEMPLE OF SHIH FO SSU: THE ONLY REMAINING SHRINE, OF THE ORIGINAL GROUP OF TEN, WHERE THE APPROACH IS PRESERVED. The entrance is seen on the left. The two four-storeyed wooden structures are built against the face of the cliff and conceal the openings of the caves. A shaky wooden staircase leads the visitor to the top of each building and on to a small connecting gallery, seen above the ridge of each roof. The roof tiles are coloured peacock blue.

was begun. According to some it was commenced in 409 A.D., but was suspended during the terrible Buddhist persecution that broke out some years later under the Emperor Tai Wu Ti, only to be renewed during the reign of the new ruler, Hsien Wen Ti, which commenced in 452 A.D. According to others, the work was originally inspired as a reaction even more intense than the persecution which had preceded it, and an infinity of Buddhas, countless in their variety and indestructible in their solidity, sprang up to replace those destroyed. At all events, the fact remains that the period from 452 to 483 saw the greatest activity in the building of the cave temples, and that from the year 467 onwards at least six state visits were paid by the Emperors to the scene of labour, culminating with the preliminary opening of the temples in 483 A.D. by the Emperor Hsiao Wen Ti. It is of interest, too, that in this year the Emperor issued an edict ordering all his subjects to assume the Chinese dress and language. This year was known as the seventh year of the T'ai Ho period, and the only remaining inscription of the whole era bears this date. But even then the whole of the work was not finished, and it was not until the year 520, after the capital had been moved to Loyang, that all the details were completed. Wei records state that in the finished condition there were ten main temples, comprising thousands of caves and peopled by myriads of stone Buddhas, and that there also existed a huge monastery with over a thousand monks in residence. The temples have been repaired at various times, notably in 1651, and it is recorded that the Emperor Kiang Hsi visited them in the year 1697, and inscribed four characters there to commemorate his visit.

At the present time the temples have fallen into decay, and there are only a few ignorant priests in residence. The caves are situated in a desolate region some ten miles by cart journey west of the modern city of Tatung. The approach is by a rough cart-track which leads along the winding valley of the Shih Li River, on the north bank of which rise the rocky cliffs of Wu Chou Shan stretching westward in terraced fashion for some miles. The caves are to be found near the small tumble-down village of Yün Kang (after which they are sometimes named), and for many hundreds of yards the whole face of the cliff is honeycombed by caves, recesses, and alcoves of all sizes. Some of the caves are of gigantic dimensions, and the walls are covered with,



FIG. B. THE ORNATE SQUARE CENTRAL PILLAR OF THE MAIN CAVE, WITH ONE OF THE FOUR FIGURES OF BUDDHA FORMING THE CENTRAL FEATURES OF ITS FOUR SIDES AT THIS LEVEL.

This is a view through the upper opening of the main cave, showing the elaborate central pillar. Ornate pagodas are carved at the four angles, and a figure of Buddha occupies each of the four aspects of the column at the level of the topmost floor of the structure, from which this photograph was taken.

claim to artistic fame in the Buddhist rock-carvings which were carried out during its period of power and may be seen to-day at Wu Chou Shan and Lung Men. It is true that this new form of expression, introduced as it was by a semi-foreign dynasty, was not of intrinsic Chinese origin, and that it contained many Indian and Central Asian and even Græco-Roman elements; but the fact remains that the followers of Wei early adopted the costume and habits of the Chinese race, and were soon to become inextricably mingled with the people whose leadership they had assumed. And thus it came about that, from a combination of the intrinsic artistic sense of the Wei Tartars with the Chinese perfection of



FIG. C. A WALL CARVED WITH OVER A HUNDRED BUDDHAS AND (IN CENTRE) FIGURES OF SAKYAMUNI AND PRABHUTARATNA: A REMARKABLE COMPLEX OF MURAL STATUARY.

Here is seen the western side wall of the opening in the cliff through which a view is obtained of an enormous Buddha. The central figures are those of Sakyamuni and Prabhutaratna (who are frequently associated together at Wu Chou Shan). Above are seen some larger figures, while the rest of the wall is occupied by considerably more than a hundred Buddhas, each in its own carved niche.

"THE OLDEST BUDDHISTIC STONE MONUMENTS KNOWN TO CHINA": FIFTH-CENTURY SCULPTURES AT WU CHOU SHAN.



FIG. 1. CAVES USED BY VILLAGERS AS GRANARIES AND STOREHOUSES: PART OF A LONG CLIFF-FRONT WHERE THE FAÇADE OF TEMPLES HAS LONG SINCE DECAYED AND DISAPPEARED.



FIG. 5. A CAVE OF ENORMOUS DIMENSIONS WITH ITS WALLS COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF BUDDHAS CARVED OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK: MURAL STATUARY.

These photographs illustrate some of the wonderful sculptures on the ancient Buddhist Cave Temples at Wu Chou Shan, in the Chinese province of Shansi, described in Mr. Gordon King's article on page 553. His notes on the above illustrations are as follows: "(1) General view of a portion of the cliff-front to the west of the only surviving temple, Shih Fo Seu. These caves are bereft of any facing temple-structures, and many of them are used by the villagers as granaries and storehouses.—(2) A typical view close to the entrance of one of the smaller caves. Evidence of recent vandalism is to be seen in the characters written on the bare portion of the wall beneath the left-hand pagoda, which record the theft of eleven figures in November 1929.—(3) Group of figures on the west entrance wall to a cave just west of the Shih Fo Seu. This cave is named Fo lai tung ('confidence in Buddha'). Below is seen a figure with winged helmet and trident, similar to that in Fig. 8. Higher up is an eagle with a pearl in its beak supporting a five-headed divinity that has six arms.—(4) A profile view of the colossal Amitabha Buddha (see page 556). On the right are the rude tumble-down dwellings of the village of Yün Kang.—



FIG. 2. A MUTILATED WALL WITH AN INSCRIPTION (BENEATH THE LEFT PAGODA) RECORDING THE THEFT OF ELEVEN FIGURES IN 1929: EVIDENCE OF RECENT VANDALISM.



FIG. 6. A FIGURE WHOSE HEAD HAS SINCE BEEN STOLEN: A WONDERFUL EXPRESSION IN SCULPTURE OF CALM AND DIGNIFIED CONTEMPLATION.



FIG. 3. STATUARY SHOWING GRÆCO-ROMAN INFLUENCE: FIGURES INCLUDING ONE (BELOW) WITH TRIDENT AND WINGED HEAD-GEAR, ATTRIBUTES OF NEPTUNE AND MERCURY (SEE ALSO FIG. 8).



FIG. 7. A BODHISATVA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE HAND OF A BIG BUDDHA AND HOLES WHEREBY THE ORIGINAL GESSO COATING WAS APPLIED.

(5) A good example of the type of work which covers the walls of many of the caves. Some of the colours are wonderfully preserved. An example of the more gaudy type of work to be found in some of the caves, showing evidence of comparatively recent restoration. The stone is overlaid with gesso, and the whole painted in bright colours.—(6) A particularly fine example of a seated figure in contemplation. The head has unfortunately been removed by some vandal since this photograph was taken.—(7) One of the Bodhisattvas on either side of a gigantic central Buddha. The ornate head-dress characteristic of a Bodhisattva is well shown, and a portion of the hand of the main central figure can be seen.—(8) A group of figures (facing those in Fig. 3) at the entrance to the same cave. Below, a figure somewhat larger than life-size stands leaning upon a trident. His head-gear is winged and in his right hand he appears to carry a wand—thus uniting in one personage the emblems of Neptune, Hermes, and Bacchus. Above is seen a bull bearing on its back a three-headed divinity covered, save for the face, hands, and feet, by a flowing garment. The animal is saddled for riding and has a ring in its nose."

10 REFERENCES IN HIS ARTICLE ON PAGES 553 AND 582.



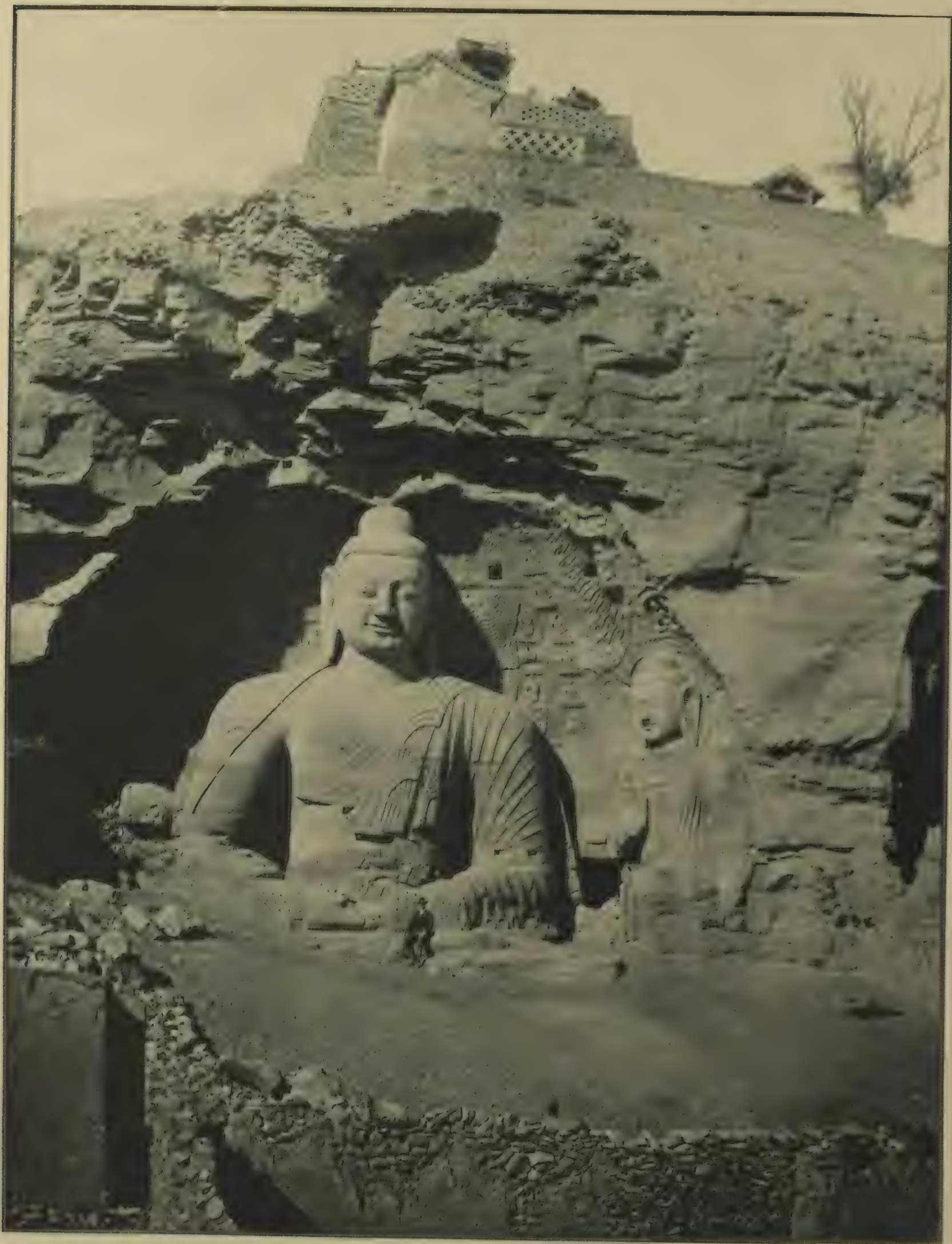
FIG. 4. A PROFILE VIEW OF THE GIGANTIC CLIFF STATUE OF BUDDHA (WITH SUBSIDIARY FIGURES) ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 556 OF THIS NUMBER: (ON THE RIGHT) THE VILLAGE OF YÜN KANG.



FIG. 8. GRÆCO-ROMAN INFLUENCE (AS IN FIG. 3): FIGURES WITH ONE (STANDING) THAT UNITES ATTRIBUTES OF NEPTUNE, MERCURY, AND BACCHUS.

THE GIANT BUDDHA OF WU CHOU SHAN: ROCK-SCULPTURE IN CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON KING, F.R.C.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGES 553 AND 582, AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 554 AND 555.)



A CHINESE PARALLEL TO THE AFGHAN FIGURE SHOWN OPPOSITE: THE GREAT AMITABHA BUDDHA AT WU CHOU SHAN, COMPARED WITH A MAN OF SIX-FOOT-FOUR SEATED BELOW.

Here is seen one of the most imposing of the ancient Chinese sculptures at the Buddhist Cave Temples at Wu Chou Shan, which Mr. Gordon King describes in his article begun on page 553. In a note on the above photograph he says: "This is the most impressive and the largest of the Buddhas which it was possible to photograph. Instead of being largely hidden by the front wall of a cave, this example stands out boldly on the cliff front. The smaller companion figure to the left has long since crumbled in, owing to weathering of the cliff, but the right-hand figure is well preserved, the body being draped

to the neck and the right hand held up in the attitude of fearlessness. The majestic central figure of Amitabha, with its beautiful draping, is almost 50 ft. in height, and one of the most imposing examples of Buddhist art in China." Its enormous dimensions become evident on comparing with it the figure of the man seen sitting below, who is six feet four inches in height. The buildings visible at the top of the cliff are those of a temple. A profile view of the face of the great Buddha, it may be added, is given in Illustration No. 4 on page 555 in this number.

THE GIANT BUDDHA OF BAMIAN: ROCK-SCULPTURE IN AFGHANISTAN.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CITROËN TRANS-ASIATIC EXPEDITION. EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



AN AFGHAN PARALLEL TO THE CHINESE STATUE ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE: THE HUGE ROCK-CUT FIGURE OF BUDDHA AT BAMIAN, WITH A GROUP OF MEN BELOW EMPHASISING ITS ENORMOUS SIZE.

It is interesting to compare with the great Chinese Buddha, on the opposite page, this still more gigantic rock-cut figure at Bamian, in Afghanistan, some eighty miles from Kabul. The Bamian valley was an ancient seat of Buddhist worship, famous for its colossal images, of which this largest example is said to be 173 ft. high. The above photograph was taken during the Citroën Trans-Asiatic Expedition, a great French enterprise organised to obtain new scientific data, and to bring Asia more within the scope of the world's knowledge, on the same lines as the previous expedition

to Central Africa. In Dr. Emil Trinkler's delightful book, "Through the Heart of Afghanistan," we read: "In the year 800 the Chinese pilgrim, Hiuen Tsang, visited these parts and tells us how these large Buddhist statues used to glitter when they were covered with gold. . . . Bamian at one time must have been a town of temples, similar to the large monasteries in Tibet. We can more suitably compare Bamian with the Caves of the thousand Buddhas in Tun-huang in the Nan-shan. This view is also held by French archæologists who engaged in excavation work in Afghanistan."

BY A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SNAPSHOTTED WHILE HANGING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLI RUGE, THE FAMOUS GERMAN



"THE EARTH NOW SHOT TO THE LEFT, NOW TO THE RIGHT, NOW LEFT AGAIN, AND UPWARDS TOWARDS THE WINGS."

THE explosions of a 200-h.p. engine rattled out cheerily over the Cassel Aerodrome in the very early hours of the morning. Gerhard Fieseler, the European trick-flying ace, was ready to start; and he and I were about to attempt the execution of the great Fieseler stunt—the downwards-and-under looping the loop—and to take photographs at the same time. In order to make our series of snapshots intelligible to the reader, we arranged for three flights. During the first flight I remained on the ground, in order to photograph from below the evolution carried out by Fieseler. I photographed his second flight from another machine. For the third flight I occupied the passenger's seat in Fieseler's machine. I had, therefore, the chance to observe Fieseler's art with the utmost accuracy and to photograph from every position. In the first flight I saw precisely what all may see at flying-pageants. In the second flight, during which I was seated in a machine piloted by the well-known record glider-airman, First Lieutenant Hentschel, I was given a foretaste of what I was still to experience. We were at an altitude of about 300 metres, when Fieseler, who was behind our tail, shot down towards us from a great height, and turned his machine upside down with clockwork precision, just adjacent to our right wing. We were so close that we could see Fieseler wave to us. I never imagined that I could get such palpitation of the heart as was mine when I took my place in Fieseler's machine and strapped myself in. The preparations were made with lightning rapidity, and almost before I realised it Fieseler had opened the throttle and we were taxiing over the aerodrome at great speed. In order to give me an opportunity to take a large number of photographs

(Continued opposite.)



"DURING A VERTICAL BANK, I PHOTOGRAPHED MY PILOT."



"THE LANDSCAPE THEN WHISKED AWAY OVER ONE'S HEAD AND FOR SOME SECONDS THE FLIGHT PROCEEDED UPSIDE DOWN": A SNAPSHOT TAKEN BY WILLI RUGE AS HE HUNG SUSPENDED BY A BELT IN THE AEROPLANE.

UPSIDE DOWN IN A LOOPING-~~THE~~ LOOP AEROPLANE.

PARACHUTIST; COPYRIGHT BY FOTODAKTUEL, BERLIN.



FIESELER IN A DOWNWARDS-AND-UNDER LOOPING-THE-LOOP.



"FIESELER SHOT DOWN TOWARDS US, AND TURNED HIS MACHINE UPSIDE DOWN WITH CLOCKWORK PRECISION."

(Continued.)

Fieseler arranged to carry out each flying-stunt three times. He began his trick-flying at a height of 400 metres. We set our course for Cassel, and the landscape rose up obliquely before me. The next seconds passed in a flash, and, before I was exactly able to find my bearings, the feel of the belt which fastened me in informed me that we were flying upside down. It was a peculiar thrill to be suspended in this way by the belt and to do one's work at the same time! On the second and third occasion I got used to the oddity of this. Fieseler then began forward loops. Looping forwards means the putting of the head of the machine down and letting the aeroplane turn over forwards. The sensation experienced in this process cannot be reproduced in words. Engine-first, we shot down towards the ground with immense speed. In this movement one has a 100 per cent. feeling of crashing! The landscape then whisked away over one's head and for some seconds the flight proceeded upside down until, with the throttle wide open, the machine again began to climb in order to complete its great circular movement through the air. It was only with the utmost determination that I controlled myself in order to take my photographs; and I was amazed at the tremendously strong nerves which a trick-flyer must have to execute such evolutions. Then other trick-flying stunts followed—the earth now shot to the left, now to the right, now left again, and upwards. Then, still quite giddy, we landed in an elegant volplane in front of the hangar.

WILLI RUGE.

Willi Ruge will be recalled as the daring photographer who took the very remarkable snapshots which appeared in our issue of June 27 under the title "Falling Parachutists Self-Photographed During Descents" and caused world-wide interest.



"BEHIND ME, I SAW FIESELER WITH HIS HEAD HANGING DOWNWARDS": ANOTHER AMAZING SNAPSHOT TAKEN BY WILLI RUGE WHILE THE AEROPLANE IN WHICH HE WAS FLYING WITH GERHARD FIESELER WAS LOOPING THE LOOP

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF EVOLUTION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE been spending a strenuous week in attending British Association committees, listening to presidential addresses and discussions on a wide variety of themes. Truly it has been a wonderful week! Indeed, I am more than ever convinced that this annual audit of the House of Science, and the publication of its achievements and commitments for the year, not only provide good "copy" for the newspapers, but food for thought for the public at large, whose interest in the progress of science is certainly on the increase.

Of the presidential addresses I can discuss, on this occasion, one only—that of Professor Poulton, who chose for his theme "A Hundred Years of Evolution." He began with the departure of Charles Darwin, in December 1831, for that memorable five-years' voyage of discovery in the *Beagle*, where he served as naturalist. The full fruit of that voyage was given to the world twenty-seven years later (1858), in that epoch-making work, "The Origin of Species." Only faint murmurings of the bitter controversies which that book aroused have come down to us to-day. It is still "on the Index," and there are still some who tell us that "Darwinism is dead." But that is only a very half-hearted assertion nowadays.

This premature announcement is the outcome of more than seventy years of intensive study of the vast amount of material which has accumulated during these long years. The conceptions embodied in Darwin's great thesis have had to pass through the fire of criticism from thousands of critics, expert and otherwise. Were Darwin alive to-day, he would, in the light of the discoveries harvested from the enormous collections of animals and plants new to science since his day, have given more weight to the Lamarckian theory of the "Transmission of Acquired Characters," which, indeed, he held was a factor that might have to be reckoned with in Evolution. His champions have done him no good service by ignoring his sympathies in this direction. They have, as it were, pinned him down to what he regarded as the keystone of his argument—Natural Selection—which is still the final arbiter of what shall survive out of the welter of life.

He concentrated his master-mind on the laborious work of subjecting the huge mass of facts which he had collected to a minute analysis, and subjecting them to the test of interpretation by the theory of natural selection. That in itself was a magnificent achievement. Could he have been granted another lifetime wherein to survey his previous work and the material accumulated since his death, just on fifty years ago, we may rest assured he would have modified and glorified the results of those earlier and epoch-making years. Of prehistoric man, for example,

in Darwin's day practically nothing was known. The Java Man, the Piltdown Man, Mousterian Man, were all discovered after his death. And the same is true of the wonderful skeletons revealing the history of the evolution of the elephant and the early cetaceans. Our material, in short, for the study of evolution has increased a thousandfold since Darwin's death. We are apt to forget, in exploring the mysteries of animated nature, how much we owe to the lamp he lit for us.

Professor Poulton's admiration for Darwin is profound; and throughout his long and distinguished career in science he has laboured unceasingly to hold the theory of natural selection against all its adversaries. But he is one of those who have adopted a stand of rigid, unswerving orthodoxy. For him there is only one factor, one agency, in evolution—and that is natural selection. This was evident—if further evidence were needed—in his presidential address, the greater part of which was given up to his favourite theme, to which he has devoted a long lifetime—the coloration of animals. Indeed, so long as attention is focussed on this, to the exclusion of all other aspects of animated nature, natural selection seems to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Nevertheless, there are many who hold that this is only one of many agencies. Knowing Professor Poulton's views, I felt no surprise when, after a brief summary of the early history of the Darwinian Theory, he proceeded to illustrate the all-sufficiency of natural selection in terms of mimicry in butterflies, and in the strange habits of certain flies displayed at the end of larval life. It would have been difficult, indeed, to find more convincing evidence in support of his argument.

The adjoining photograph (Fig. 1) which Professor Poulton has kindly allowed me to reproduce here, illustrates a very remarkable case wherein a butterfly (*Papilio laglaizeii*, of New Guinea, assumes the coloration of, or "mimics,"

a moth (*Alcidis agathysus*). It is important to bear in mind that the moths are, exceptions apart, nocturnal creatures; the butterflies, on the other hand, are lovers of the sunlight. This particular moth, however, is one of the exceptions, and is to be found in association with the butterfly dancing in the sunlight over the tree-tops. In this photograph the under-surface only of these insects is shown. The general resemblance between the two is striking; but there is one particular which makes this resemblance really wonderful. The moth has the whole of the under-surface of the abdomen of a bright yellow colour; but in the butterfly the yellow hue is supplied by an oblong patch on the inner border of each wing. The significance of this is not apparent till the living insects are examined, when it is found that the moth, when at rest, closes the

wings and hangs suspended, back downwards, leaving the yellow abdomen fully exposed. The butterfly adopts the same position, but, having no yellow patch on the abdomen, brings the two wings together, when the two oblong patches of yellow form a yellow area similar to that of the moth. Thereby the butterfly secures protection from its enemies—chiefly birds—by its likeness to the much more numerous moth, which, having a yellow abdomen, is avoided by birds, for they have learned that a black-and-yellow coloration indicates a nauseous taste. Though intermediate forms leading up to this highly complex coloration are unknown in this particular species, such intermediates are known in other species which "mimic" one another. By the elimination of the less perfectly adjusted, the final perfected form is arrived at.

One other instance from this most fascinating address must suffice. This is furnished by a West African Bombycid moth (*Norasuma kolga*). Several moths resort to the under-side of the same leaf (e.g., Fig. 3). They then first spin a loose meshwork of silk and add to this a number of small oval nodules of yellow silk, closely simulating the cocoons of a parasitic ichneumon fly, which victimises butterflies and moths. The real cocoons of this fly are very tough, and the body enclosed within is so small that birds will not bother to break them open. Hence, then, these pretended parasitic cocoons distract attention from the real cocoon underneath enclosing a really juicy body. The real cocoon, I should add, is spun under this meshwork, and being stained yellow makes the imitation cocoons more conspicuous.

The adjoining illustration (Fig. 2) shows the female (upper) and three males (lower) of this moth, as well as an ichneumon fly which has emerged from the mouth of one of these cocoons (i.e., that marked B in Fig. 3). These parasites, it will be remembered, pass their larval life within the caterpillar, which dies within the cocoon, not having sufficient vitality to complete its change into a moth. Other examples of this kind cited by Professor Poulton I cannot now include here, but sufficient has, I hope, been said to show the "sweet reasonableness" of the theory of natural selection when it concerns the coloration of animals.

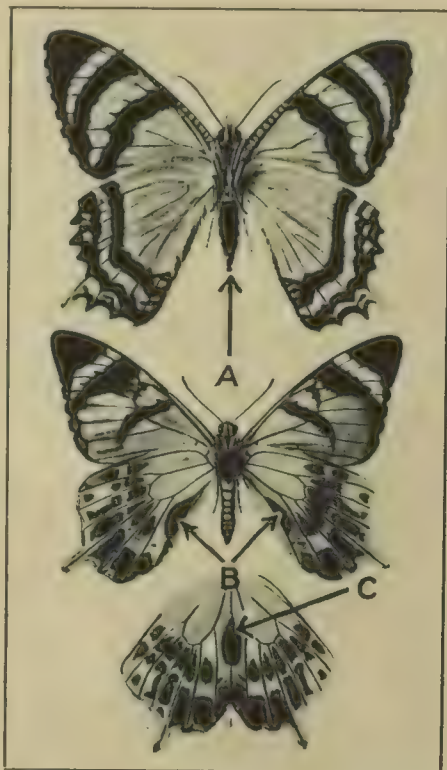


FIG. 1. PROTECTIVE MIMICRY IN BUTTERFLIES: THE METHOD BY WHICH A BUTTERFLY (CENTRE), PALATABLE TO BIRDS, FOLDS ITS WINGS (BELOW) SO AS TO IMITATE THE ABDOMEN OF AN UNPALATABLE MOTH (TOP).

At the top is seen the under-surface of a day-flying Uranid Moth (*Alcidis agathysus*), from New Guinea. The abdomen is coloured yellow—a "warning" coloration (it appears black in the photograph). In the butterfly *Papilio laglaizeii* (seen here in the centre), caught at the same time, there is a yellow patch on each hind-wing. When the two wings are brought together (as shown below the butterfly) a yellow area (also black in the photograph) is formed, simulating the yellow abdomen of the moth. Thus the palatable butterfly is mistaken for the unpalatable moth. The letter A indicates the moth's yellow abdomen; BB the yellow patches on the butterfly's wings; and C these patches brought together to simulate the moth's abdomen.



FIG. 2. MOTHS FROM COCOONS MADE TO IMITATE THAT OF AN ICHNEUMON FLY (SHOWN IN CENTRE) IN ORDER TO DECEIVE BIRDS: A FEMALE BOMBYCID MOTH (TOP) AND THREE MALES. This photograph shows a female (at the top) and three males of the Bombycid moths which have emerged from the red cocoons (shown in Fig. 3), and (in the centre) a parasitic Ichneumon fly (*Mesostenus basimaculata*), which, after devouring its host, pupated within one of the red cocoons.

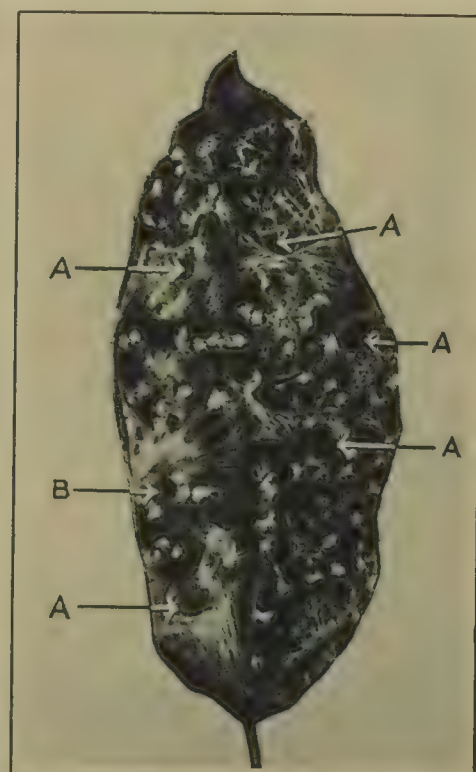


FIG. 3. PROTECTIVE MIMICRY IN MOTH COCOONS: SIMULATION OF ICHNEUMON FLY COCOONS (TOUGH AND NEGLECTED BY BIRDS) ON THE UNDER-SIDE OF A LEAF. Here we see the under-side of a leaf bearing cocoons of a West African Bombycid moth (*Norasuma kolga*). Before spinning its cocoon the caterpillar spins a loose network of silk, and adds yellow tufts simulating cocoons of an ichneumon fly. Under this it then spins its cocoon, staining it red to make the network and tufts more conspicuous. Thus birds are attracted to the inedible tufts, while the cocoon escapes. AA indicate cocoons; B the mouth of a cocoon from which a fly emerged.

THE IMMINENT GENERAL ELECTION: POLITICAL MOVES IN THE SEAHAM DIVISION, AT CHURT, AND AT SCARBOROUGH.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S VISIT TO HORDEN TO EXPLAIN HIS VIEWS TO THE SEAHAM DIVISIONAL LABOUR PARTY: THE PRIME MINISTER WITH HIS HOST AND HOSTESS, DR. AND MRS. GRANT, AND CAPTAIN H. B. USHER, PRIVATE SECRETARY.



AFTER MR. MACDONALD HAD SPOKEN TO THE DELEGATES OF THE SEAHAM DIVISIONAL LABOUR PARTY, WHO ADHERED TO THEIR PREVIOUS DECISION TO SECURE ANOTHER CANDIDATE IN HIS STEAD: THE PRIME MINISTER DRIVING FROM THE MEETING-PLACE, THE MINERS' HALL, HORDEN.

THE "IRON CHANCELLOR" OF THIS COUNTRY: MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN ON HIS ARRIVAL IN DOWNING STREET WITH THE PREMIER, WHO CALLED FOR HIM AFTER HIS VISIT TO CHURT AND DROVE HIM TO TOWN.



THE NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE IN SESSION IN THE GRAND HALL OF THE SPA AT SCARBOROUGH: AN OCCASION ON WHICH MR. STANLEY HIRST, THE CHAIRMAN, DESCRIBED THE IMPOSITION OF A TARIFF AS "UNTHINKABLE" AND SAID OF LABOUR LEADERS IN THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: "LABOUR HAS LOST THESE LEADERS BECAUSE IT REFUSED TO LOSE ITS OWN SOUL."



THE SCENE OF MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S SURPRISE VISIT TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE: BRON-Y-DE, CHURT, THE SURREY RESIDENCE OF THE LIBERAL LEADER, WHO IS CONVALESCING THERE AFTER HIS ILLNESS.

On the evening of October 2, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald addressed the delegates of the Seaham Divisional Labour Party in the Miners' Hall at Horden. At the close of the sitting, it was announced that the position of the Party was that "it proceeds, under its previous decision, to secure another candidate." Mr. MacDonald, who was accompanied by Captain H. B. Usher, Parliamentary Private Secretary, arrived at Durham from London in the afternoon, and was met by his host, Dr. Grant, of Easington. He returned by the 11.40 train. On October 5, organisations affiliated to the Seaham Division Labour Party sent in the names of ten prospective Labour candidates for the Division, including that of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was proposed by the Murton Miners' Lodge and



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT BRON-Y-DE, CHURT, HIS SURREY HOME, WHERE HE WAS VISITED BY MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

Labour Party. Another and more vital political move took place on October 5, when Mr. MacDonald left Downing Street early in the morning and went to Churt to talk with Mr. Lloyd George. The visit lasted an hour and a-half. Then the Prime Minister called at Mr. Snowden's house, which is near Mr. Lloyd George's, and drove him to Downing Street. As to our photograph of the National Labour Party Conference in session at Scarborough, it may be noted that, in his Presidential address, Mr. Stanley Hirst, the Chairman, expressed the opinion that the imposition of a tariff was "unthinkable." Of the Labour leaders in the National Government, he said: "Labour has lost these leaders because it refused to lose its own soul." The General Election is fixed for Tuesday, October 27.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



SACKS OF BRAZILIAN COFFEE BEING EMBARKED AT RIO DE JANEIRO TO BE THROWN OVERBOARD AT SEA: A MODERN CONTRAST TO "THE BOSTON TEA PARTY."

At Rio de Janeiro recently thousands of sacks of coffee were placed on board ship, under police protection, to be sunk at sea. This drastic step was taken to check the effects of over-production and depreciation of currency—a strange economic paradox at a time when the cost of living is affecting everyone. It affords at once a parallel and a contrast to the destruction of tea in Boston Harbour in 1773, from a different motive.



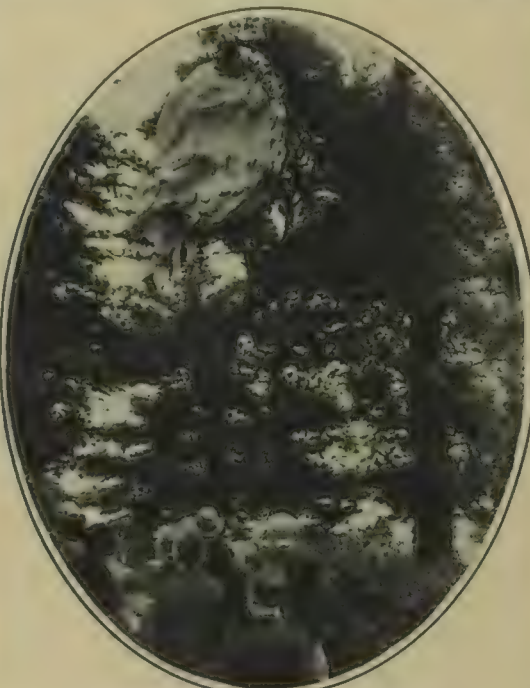
THE FIRST VILLAGE BUILT BY "OUT-OF-WORK" LABOUR IN GERMANY: A RESULT OF PIONEER EFFORTS IN EMPLOYMENT FOR UNEMPLOYED.

Near Brandenburg, in Prussia, we learn from a note on the above photograph, a unique little village of cottages is being built—all by the labour of unemployed artisans and their families. This, it is said, is the first such village to be built, and shows how some of the unemployed will help themselves when given a chance.



A PARACHUTIST'S NARROW ESCAPE: CAPTAIN E. W. STEWART LANDS IN A TREE-TOP NEAR SOUTHEM.

Captain E. W. Stewart, a well-known British parachutist, had an exciting adventure, fortunately without serious results, while making a parachute descent, from a height of 2000 ft., during the Air Pageant which was held recently at Prittlewell, near Southend. As he drifted down, he was carried along by a strong breeze and driven into the top of a tall tree, about 80 ft. from the ground. A party of rescuers, with ropes, climbed the tree and brought him safely to earth. Although a little shaken, he was soon able to supervise the disentanglement of his parachute from the branches. The air pageant was attended by some 15,000 spectators, and a number of people obtained a close view of the mishap, and watched the rescue operations.



CAPTAIN STEWART'S PARACHUTE ENTANGLED IN A TREE: AN INCIDENT OF AN AIR PAGEANT.



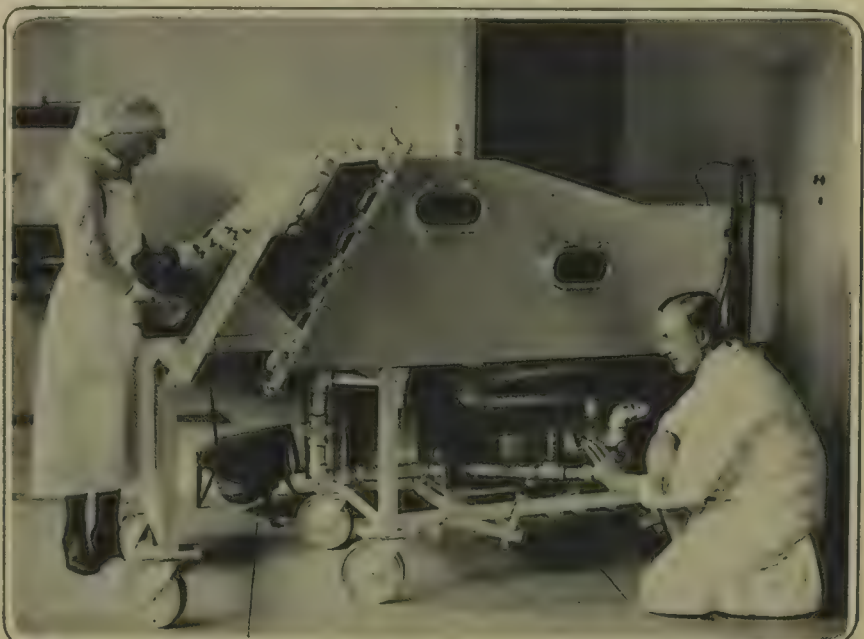
MICK THE MILLER (WINNER OF THE GREYHOUND ST. LEGER) AND HIS OWNER, MRS. ARUNDEL KEMPTON.

Mick the Miller, the veteran winner of the Greyhound St. Leger, run at Wembley on October 3, is a racing dog of abnormal intelligence. "He runs a race," says his trainer, "as though he had a clever jockey guiding him. He hangs back at the start, watches the other dogs, and cuts in to take the inside position at just the right moment. He has a big tail, which he uses as a rudder in taking a bend."



"YOUR SET WILL FIND YOU OUT!": THE FIRST AUSTIN "AERIAL DETECTIVE" VAN LEAVING THE G.P.O.—A CAMPAIGN TO STIMULATE PURCHASE OF RADIO LICENCES.

The London General Post Office recently instituted a month's campaign with a view to locating owners of radio sets who have not yet taken out the requisite licences, or have omitted to renew them. The number of such "pirates" has been variously estimated, from 40,000 to 400,000. The "aerial detective" vans used are fitted with the latest direction-finding apparatus. Their mere appearance in any district, it is said, causes an immediate increase in applications for licences! The Post Office authorities issued the warning—"Be sure your set will find you out!"



"FORCIBLE BREATHING" AS A METHOD OF RESUSCITATION WHEN LIFE IS EBBING: THE DRINKER MACHINE BEING TESTED AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

The Drinker machine, which has recently been tested by doctors at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is a new American invention designed to compel a patient to breathe automatically, even when life is at a low ebb and the heart and lungs are failing. It has a rubber diaphragm fitting tightly round the neck, and the chest is forced to expand as though in a bellows. The House Surgeon at Bart's is reported to have said: "It is the only apparatus I know which will make a person breathe without any effort on his part."

UNIQUE RITES IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: ITS DISTINCTIVE PLACE IN THE CHURCH.



ON Sunday, October 4, Liverpool Cathedral was the scene of a memorable service held for the foundation of the Dean and Chapter under recently adopted Statutes. The service was unique in the absence of legal phraseology, having been drafted entirely by liturgical scholars, in accord with the catholic spirit of the cathedral, in whose pulpit several Free Church ministers have already preached. First was read a greeting from the Archbishop of York, alluding to the cathedral's "distinctive place in the life of our Church" and "the new conditions." The service opened with a hymn of dedication by the Poet Laureate (Dr. John Masefield), and the ceremonies included the foundation of the Dean and Chapter, confirmation of the College of Stewards, creation of a College of Counsel, and the installation of the Dean, to whom the Bishop then handed the keys of the Cathedral.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL (DR. DAVID) BLESSING THE NEW DEAN (THE VERY REV. F. W. DWELLY) AFTER HIS INSTALLATION: AN INCIDENT OF A HISTORIC SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST.

AIRMEN RESCUED AFTER SIX DAYS' DRIFTING IN MID-ATLANTIC: A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

ON September 15 it was reported from New York that aeroplanes and coastguard vessels were searching the coast of New England for the aeroplane "Esa," in which Herr Willy Rody, M. Christian Johannsen (Flight Captain), and Señor Fernando Costa Viegas had started from Portugal on the 13th to fly across the Atlantic to New York. Nothing had been heard of them since the aeroplane was sighted by a liner 395 miles east of Halifax on the afternoon of the 14th. All the American airports were kept specially lighted and a constant look-out was maintained. On September 21 came news that the airmen had been picked up at sea, safe but exhausted, after drifting on their wrecked machine for six days. The S.S. "Belmoira" was the rescue-ship. The aeroplane was abandoned.



THE "ESA" AND ITS OCCUPANTS JUST BEFORE THEY WERE PICKED UP BY THE S.S. "BELMOIRA" AFTER THEIR LONG ORDEAL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE APPROACHING RESCUE-SHIP.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



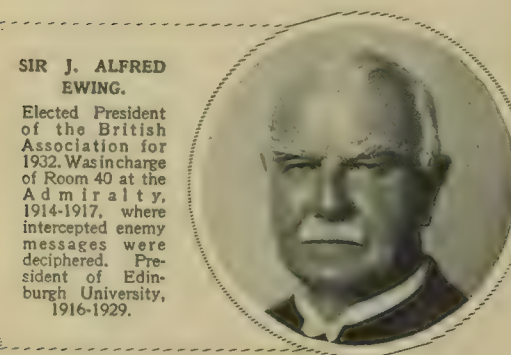
THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF MADRID: DON JAIME OF BOURBON, CARLIST PRETENDER TO THE SPANISH THRONE.

Don Jaime of Bourbon, head of the House of Spain and second Duke of Madrid, died suddenly in Paris on October 3 at the age of sixty-one. His family was excluded from the Spanish throne by a royal decree in 1834. The Carlists now look upon Don Jaime's uncle as their leader. Don Jaime very recently became reconciled with ex-King Alfonso, though neither, it is stated, renounced his claim to the throne.



SIR WILLIAM PORTAL, BT.

Died, Sept. 30; aged eighty-one. Head of the old Huguenot family which has enjoyed the privilege of manufacturing the paper for Bank of England notes, since 1724. Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Photograph Copyright Kirks, Cowes.



SIR J. ALFRED EWING.

Elected President of the British Association for 1932. Was in charge of Room 40 at the Admiralty, 1914-1917, where intercepted enemy messages were deciphered. President of Edinburgh University, 1916-1929.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT SPORTSMAN: SIR THOMAS LIPTON, FIVE TIMES A CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Bt., who died a bachelor on October 2, at the age of eighty-one, made for himself a name that was known all over the world. In 1871 he opened, with £100 capital, a little lock-up shop in his birthplace, Glasgow, and from that gradually built up the great business which bears his name. He made five gallant but unsuccessful attempts to wrest the "America's" Cup from the U.S.A., and, universally popular, he was known in America as "the world's best loser."



THE MILE RUNNING RECORD BEATEN: JULES LADOUMEGUE BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD IN 4 MINUTES 9 1/2 SECONDS.

At the Stade Jean Bouin, Paris, on October 4, the French athlete, Jules Ladoumègue, beat the world's record for the mile by 1 1/2 seconds. The previous record was held by the Finnish runner, Paavo Nurmi, who accomplished the distance at Stockholm in 1923 in 4 minutes 10 2/5 seconds. Though pitted against six well-known runners, Ladoumègue beat them all by over a hundred yards.

THE REV. THE HON. CHARLES F. LYTTTELTON.

Died, Oct. 3; aged forty-four. Third son of the eighth Viscount Cobham. Rector of Cranleigh. Won the Military Cross as an Army Chaplain in 1917; and afterwards Rector of Hawarden, 1920-1928.



SENATOR DWIGHT MORROW.

Died on Oct. 5; aged fifty-eight. Former American Ambassador to Mexico. Delegate to the Pan-American Conference of 1928; and to the Naval Conference in London, 1930. Father-in-law of Colonel Lindbergh.



THE SOUTH AFRICANS, WHO PLAYED THEIR FIRST MATCH ON OCTOBER 3 AGAINST GLOUCESTER AND SOMERSET, AT BRISTOL: THE "SPRINGBOK" RUGGER TEAM.

The South African "Springbok" Rugby team is here seen on the occasion of their visit to J. S. Fry and Sons' Cocoa and Chocolate Works, at Somerdale. Back Row: M. Francis, F. Waring, P. J. Nel, W. F. Bergh, M. Louw, S. du Toit, H. Kipling, J. N. Bierman. Second Row: V. Ceere, B. G. Gray, A. van der Merwe, M. Zimmerman, F. Louw, H. M. Forrest, L. C. Strachan. Third Row: J. Dold, J. A. J. McDonald, J. H. van der Westhuizen, J. C. van der Westhuizen, J. White, F. D. Venter, D. Craven. Front Row: E. R. Ford (J. S. Fry and Sons), H. C. Browning (Gloucester Rugby Union), B. L. Osler, L. J. Corbett (J. S. Fry and Sons), T. B. Pienaar (Manager), P. de Villiers, P. Mostert.



MR. GANDHI'S VISIT TO THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY: THE MAHATMA WITH DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON AND MISS SLADE, HIS ENGLISH DISCIPLE.

On October 4 Mr. Gandhi, accompanied by his British adherent, Miss Slade, and his third son, Mr. Devidas Gandhi, journeyed to Canterbury to pay a visit to the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson. The Mahatma accompanied him to Evensong at the Cathedral. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, who had been Dean of Manchester since 1924, succeeded Dr. Sheppard as Dean of Canterbury in March of this year. Miss Slade, now known as Mirabai, is the daughter of the late Admiral Slade, and has for some time been one of Mr. Gandhi's most devoted adherents. Her old home at Tunbridge Wells was visited by Mr. Gandhi on his way to Canterbury, where he stayed for one night.



A FAMOUS ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AS A MOORISH CHIEF: MR. FRANK BRANGWYN.

Asked why he painted Mr. Brangwyn in Moorish dress, Mr. Kerr-Lawson said: "Many years ago, José Tapiro introduced me to Frank Brangwyn at Tangier. Brangwyn may not have worn the *djellaba*, as I did, but I have painted him now in the garb of a Moorish chief because that is how I seem to remember him, with all Morocco as his background: I mean the Morocco we reached by crossing from Tarifa to Tangier in a felucca, with a crew of smugglers

carrying tobacco, Dutch gin, and guns to the Riff before the days when the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique had made that country safe enough for a Sunday-school treat! The whirring wheel of the potter hummed in the clay-pits nearby, where, perhaps, Brangwyn's interest in pots was first aroused. He has a fine collection—but it is upon himself that the thumb-mark of the Great Potter is most plainly visible."

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. KERR-LAWSON.

One of Earth's Grandest and Most Inspiring Sights: Table Mountain—Covered with its "Tablecloth" of Cloud.



TABLE MOUNTAIN WITH THE CLOTH ON: A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED BY LOCAL LEGEND AS DUE TO A SMOKING-MATCH BETWEEN A PIRATE AND THE DEVIL.

In passing the Cape of Good Hope on his voyage round the world in 1580, Sir Francis Drake recorded in his log that it was "the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." Many world-voyagers have since confirmed that opinion, and on one of his visits to South Africa the Prince of Wales stated that the impression made on the traveller when the full majesty of Table Mountain and Bay is first revealed to him must remain with him for life. The picture reproduced here is the view of Table Mountain from the foreshore. In the foreground is Tweed's statue of Johan van Riebeeck, the founder of the first European settlement at the Cape in 1652, situated roughly on the spot where he landed. Table Mountain in the background rises practically sheer to 3500 feet above the city. The cloud which covers the summit like a cloth is caused by condensation of cool air arising from the South East Trade Wind, and is a characteristic of the summer months. It has inspired many legends, the most picturesque of which is related by Ian Colvin in his book on South Africa in the "Romance of Empire" Series. Colvin takes his story from one of the Hajis, or wise old men, of the Malay quarter of Cape Town, whose ancestors

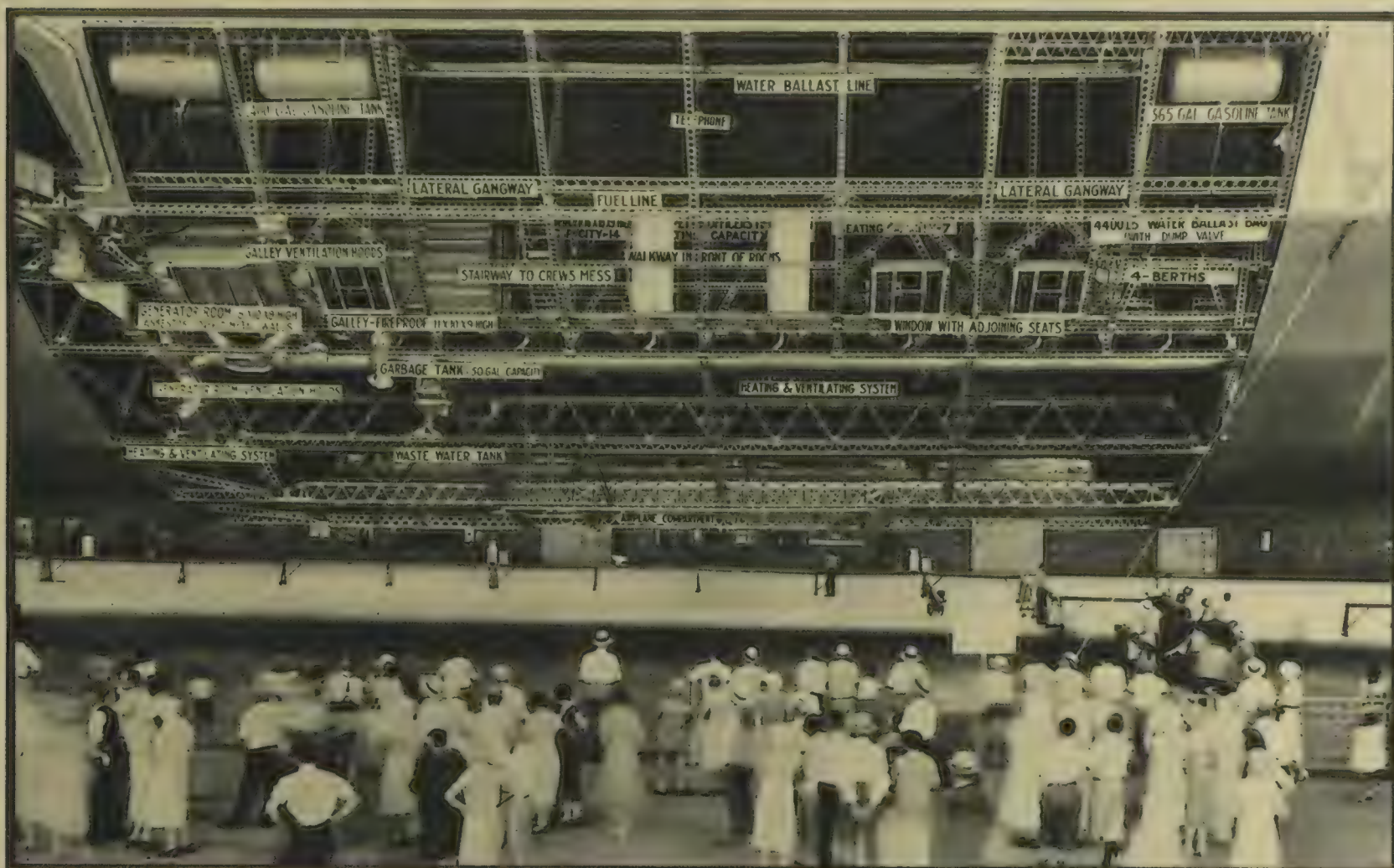
were slaves of a fierce old burgher named Mynheer van Hunks, a former pirate who dwelt on the mountain side. One day the story goes he wandered to the mountain top, where he was accosted by the Devil. The two entered into a wager as to who was the stronger smoker, the stake being Van Hunks' soul against the Kingdoms of the world. According to the old Haji, the volumes of smoke from their pipes still account for the cloud. It is sudden in its coming and a danger to the mountaineer. The wealth of flora and the wonderful vistas from Table Mountain have been made accessible to all by an aerial railway to the summit illustrated in our issue of October 11, 1930. For travellers seeking a completely new holiday, a visit to this Dominion has much to commend it, not least the glorious voyage on what is known as the fair-weather passage of the world, with the added attraction of Table Mountain awaiting the voyager as one of earth's grandest and most inspiring sights. Our readers may like to know that full information about South African travel may be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AIRSHIP: THE 785-FOOT-LONG "AKRON."



THE NEW AIRSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, WHICH WAS NAMED "AKRON" AFTER THE PLACE OF HER BUILDING: A SECTION OF THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE; SHOWING PART OF THE FABRIC REMOVED TO REVEAL THE INTERIOR.



THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE "AKRON," WHICH IS LIFTED BY THE NON-INFLAMMABLE, NON-EXPLOSIVE HELIUM AND, THEREFORE, HOUSES HER MOTORS INSIDE HER HULL: THE FLIGHT OVER NORTH-EASTERN OHIO OF THE DIRIGIBLE AT WHOSE CHRISTENING FORTY-EIGHT CARRIER PIGEONS, ONE FOR EACH STATE OF THE UNION, WERE RELEASED FROM A HATCH IN HER NOSE.

The new naval dirigible "Akron," the biggest airship in the world, which is to form a unit of the United States Pacific Fleet, was named at Akron, Ohio, on August 8 by Mrs. Hoover. At the christening, the nose of the vessel was permitted to rise a few feet as a symbol of launching. The maiden flight of 125 miles over north-eastern Ohio, with 113 passengers, took place on September 23. The "Akron" is 785 feet from stem to stern—that is to say, she is only a few feet longer than the "Graf Zeppelin"—but she has a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of non-inflammable, non-explosive gas, helium, which is

twice the capacity of the "Graf Zeppelin" and three times that of the Navy dirigible "Los Angeles." Her diameter is 133 feet. She has a lift of 91 tons. Eight 560-h.p. engines propel her, and she is calculated to reach over eighty miles an hour and fly over 10,500 miles without re-fuelling. As she uses non-inflammable helium, it has not been necessary to house her motors in gondolas suspended away from the hull, and her eight motors are in motor-rooms inside her hull. Only the control cabin protrudes from the hull's stream-line. The U.S. Navy Department is now planning a dirigible twice her size!

A COMPLETE "TOWN" TO ARISE IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK.



"RADIO CITY" AS IT WILL APPEAR FROM FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK: THE GREAT CENTRAL TOWER, TWO FLANKING TOWERS, AND (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.

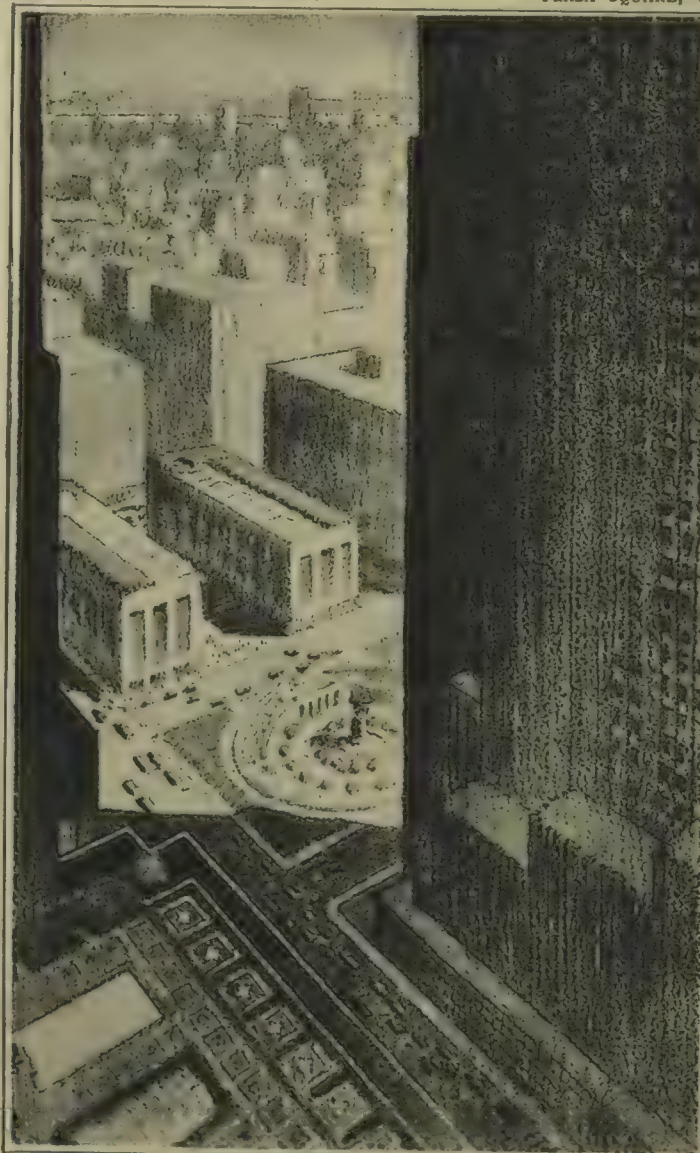


THE SELF-CONTAINED BUSINESS AND AMUSEMENT CENTRE PROJECTED IN NEW YORK: A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF "RADIO CITY" FROM PLAZA SQUARE, WITH ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

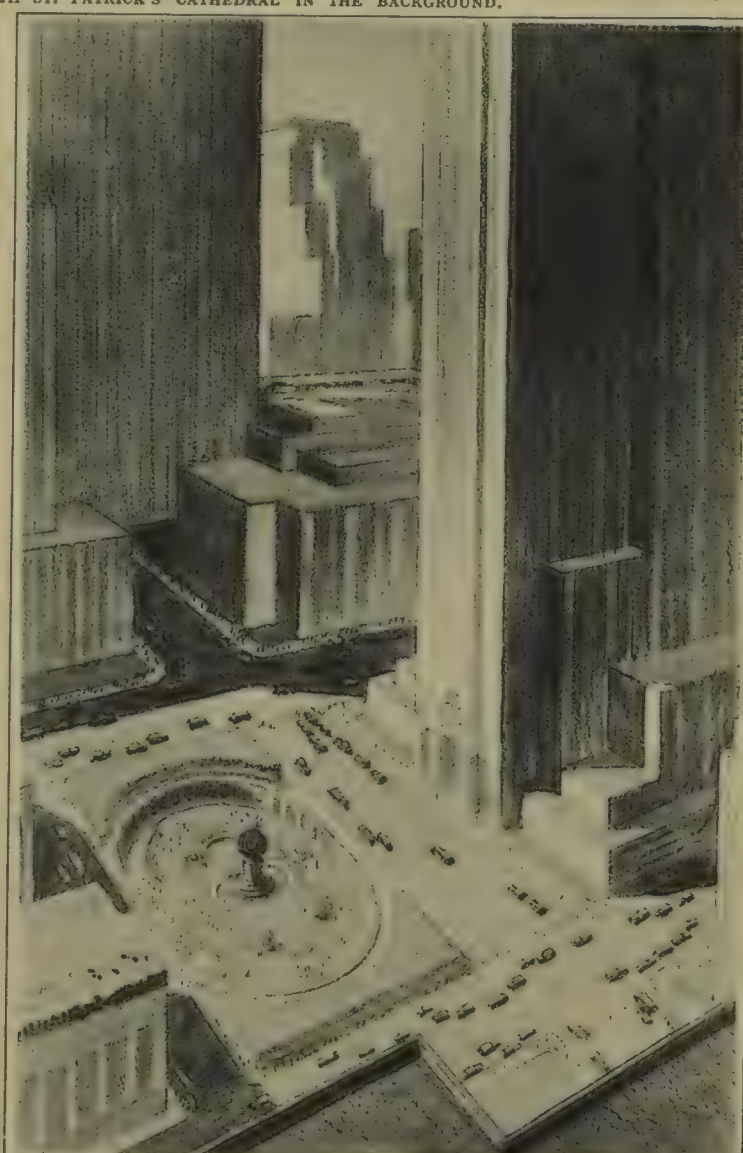
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(well known to all Americans as Roxy, the 'Entertainment King'). Radio City will incorporate every known and also several hitherto untried architectural devices. Three skyscrapers form the main design. In the centre will tower one of sixty-eight storeys, flanked on each side by twins each forty-five storeys high. Between the three skyscrapers the designers are planning another novelty, an egg-shaped building of fourteen storeys, whose object is to lead the eye gently upwards. In the centre tower will be housed the National Broadcasting Company, whose fifteen floors will be windowless and sound-proof. By a novel arrangement the twenty-seven studios will be suspended in outer rooms by wires. With its own ultra-modern cinema; its theatre, broad-casting studios, shops, restaurant, offices, car park, streets, flower beds, grass lawns, and walks, Radio City will take its place, assuredly, as foremost amongst the many wonders of New York."

"THE enthusiasm of Mr. John D. Rockefeller junr.," a correspondent, writes to us "combined with the widespread ramifications of the Radio Corporation of America, has resulted in plans being settled for one of the most colossal business and entertainment enterprises hitherto conceived; namely, Radio City. This is to be a huge building—literally a city within a city—in Fifth Avenue, New York, in which it is proposed to house a theatre, the National Broadcasting Company, a cinema, and an opera house, to say nothing of shops, suites of offices, and a gigantic car park. When it is completed, in four years time, it will dwarf even the towering buildings that already exist in New York. It is expected to cost some £50,000,000, and contracts have already been placed for 125,000 tons of steel to make its 700 miles of girders forming the framework. Planned to accommodate 50,000 people, and complete with its own Mayor in the person of Mr. S. L. Rothafel,

[Continued above.



SHOWING THE PROPOSED CENTRAL PLAZA, TO BE LAID OUT WITH ORNAMENTAL GARDENS: A VIEW IN "RADIO CITY" (AS DESIGNED) LOOKING EAST FROM THE ROOF OF AN INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE PLAN FOR A GREAT CENTRAL PLAZA WITH A SUNKEN GARDEN: A DESIGN SHOWING BASES OF THE GREAT TOWERS; AND TRAFFIC ROUTES TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN "RADIO CITY."

"RADIO CITY" AND ITS ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS: A £50,000,000 SCHEME.

WHEN the site on which "Radio City" is to be built came, a few years ago, under the control of Mr. John D. Rockefeller jun., his original idea was to form a great monumental square having an Opera House in the middle, rather on the lines of the Place de l'Opéra in Paris. For various reasons—partly because it would have adversely affected shopping interests by breaking the flow of pedestrian traffic—this scheme was abandoned. It was finally decided to treat the site with a view to fulfilling, in part, the town-planners' and architects' dream of rebuilding the business section of New York as a new city of air and sunlight. "Radio City" has therefore been planned as a business and amusement centre combined, the name being chosen because the first business element to enter the scheme was the radio interest, occupying nearly a quarter of the whole area. The site is owned by Columbia University, and Mr. Rockefeller holds it on a twenty-one-year renewable lease. The site comprises three blocks between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, complete except for one plot on Sixth Avenue and a corner on Fifth Avenue occupied by the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas (shown in the upper left drawing opposite).

"RADIO CITY" AS IT WILL APPEAR FROM THE AIR WHEN COMPLETED: A VIEW FROM THE EAST SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE, NORTH OF 51st STREET.



THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A REPLICA OF COLUMBUS'S CARAVEL TO REPEAT HIS HISTORIC VOYAGE: THE NEW "SANTA MARIA."

Captain Don Julio Guillen, a Spanish naval officer, was in charge of the building of a replica of Christopher Columbus's caravel, the "Santa Maria," for the Seville Exhibition of 1929. He then conceived the idea of reproducing the famous voyage, as accurately as possible, in the new "Santa Maria," and he now hopes to start his enterprise in December. Except that he intends to take a crew of only twenty-five, as against Columbus's fifty-two, the conditions of the crossing will



THE ANCHOR OF THE ORIGINAL "SANTA MARIA" OF COLUMBUS: A REMARKABLE HISTORIC RELIC.



THE NEW "SANTA MARIA" AT SEA: A CONTRAST TO MODERN WAR-SHIPS IN THE BACKGROUND.

be, as far as possible, identical with those Columbus experienced on his first voyage to America, and no mechanism or device invented after 1492 will be employed. After completing the crossing, Captain Guillen hopes to spend three years cruising in the "Santa Maria" in American waters. The original anchor (shown above) with which Columbus made his voyage, is now at the Paris Colonial Exhibition, and belongs to the Republic of Haiti.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF GLIDING IN THIS COUNTRY: A GLIDER BEING CATAPULTED INTO THE AIR AT THE COMPETITIONS NEAR ROTTINGDEAN.

The British Gliding Association completed their gliding and soaring competitions over the downs near Rottingdean on October 4. Machines, which were mostly of British design and construction, gave good performances in a spot-landing competition, distance flights, duration flights, and a cross-country flight for the Wakefield Trophy. This, in spite of a wind of only twelve miles an hour and a thick mist, was won by Mr. G. M. Buxton with a distance of three miles.



TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD OF "R101" ON THE SCENE AND ANNI-VERSARY OF THE DISASTER: THE CEREMONY AT ALLONNE.

On Sunday, October 4, a memorial service was held in the Protestant Church at Beauvais for the victims of the "R101" disaster, which occurred a year ago near the neighbouring village of Allonne. Before the service, the whole assemblage gathered in the field where the airship fell, and, after wreaths had been placed on the site of the wreck, stood silent and bareheaded as a tribute to the dead.



PRINCE GEORGE (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) AT BARKING TO PRESENT THE TOWN'S NEW CHARTER AS A MUNICIPAL BOROUGH: A BRILLIANT SCENE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL. Prince George visited Barking on October 5, and presented the new Charter of Incorporation which changed its status from an urban district to a municipal borough. The Prince, wearing the uniform of a Naval Lieutenant, was welcomed at the borough boundary, and drove through decorated streets to the Town Hall, outside which the ceremony took place. Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards Band sounded a fanfare, and the Prince inspected a guard of honour of the



THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT BARKING, ATTENDED BY PRINCE GEORGE, AT THE OPENING PERFORMANCE. A SCENE REPRESENTING WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S VISIT.

4th Battalion, the Essex Regiment. After replying to an address, he then handed the Charter to the Mayor of Barking, Col. A. E. Martin. Prince George afterwards opened an exhibition of Barking's industrial products, and attended the first performance of a great historical pageant covering nearly twenty centuries of the town's existence. Many scenes relate to Barking Abbey, which was founded in the year 666, and was dissolved in 1539.

BIRD-MEN GIVE A LIFT TO BIRDS: SWALLOWS GO SOUTH BY AEROPLANE.



YOUNG MIGRANT SWALLOWS, WEATHER-BOUND IN AUSTRIA DURING THEIR SOUTHWARD FLIGHT, FIND HUMAN FRIENDS: A CONTENTED "HANDFUL."



HOW THE COLD AND STARVING BIRDS CAME TO THE DEPOT OF THE VIENNESE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS: A VARIETY OF IMPROVISED TRAVELLING-BOXES FOR SWALLOWS.



TAKING A PEEP AT A STRANGE WORLD: AN INQUISITIVE SWALLOW LOOKING THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE TOP OF A TRAVELLING-BOX.



VIENNESE BOY SCOUTS AND A MOTOR-AMBULANCE PRESSED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE STRANDED SWALLOWS: BRINGING CAGES TO THE CAR TO BE CONVEYED INTO FOREST DISTRICTS FOR COLLECTING THE BIRDS.



ESTIMATING AN AEROPLANE'S LOAD OF SWALLOWS: THE VENTILATED TRAVELLING-BOXES, EACH CONTAINING 1000 BIRDS, WITH FOOD, BEING WEIGHED AT AN AERODROME NEAR VIENNA BEFORE BEING EMBARKED.



THE RELEASE OF THE SWALLOWS, FOR THEIR OWN SOUTHWARD FLIGHT, ON ARRIVAL BY AEROPLANE AT THE VENICE AIR-PORT: TRAVELLING-BOXES BEING OPENED AND BIRDS COMING OUT.



SWALLOWS TAKING TO THE AIR, TO RESUME THEIR FLIGHT TO THE SUNNY SOUTH, AFTER A LIFT BY AEROPLANE FROM VIENNA TO THE WARMER CLIME OF VENICE: A LATER STAGE IN THE RELEASE PROCEEDINGS.

In our last number we gave prominence to the unprecedented incident of migrating swallows, weather-bound in Austria, being collected and cared for in Vienna, and conveyed by aeroplane across the Alps to the warmer climate of Venice, where they were released to resume their flight to southern winter quarters. This unique occasion of birds being given a lift by flying-men is of such interest that no apology is needed for returning to it. Moreover, the above photographs illustrate not only further incidents of the work done for the stranded swallows by the

Viennese Society for the Protection of Animals, but also their arrival at Venice and their actual flight on being liberated. Many thousands of swallows were thus taken to Venice by the Austrian Air Transport Co., and, when bad weather interrupted the air services, 35,000 more were sent by train. Speed was necessary, as they eat insects while flying, and food for them was scarce. Swallows were also storm-bound in Hungary, and a Budapest message of October 3 stated that the Hungarian Society for the Protection of Animals sent 60,000 by air to Constantinople.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THAT familiar word, "interesting," is, of course, a relative term. When the journalist declares that "it is interesting to note" something or other, his time-honoured statement does not always arouse a universal response. What interests a poet, for example, might not appeal to a pork-butcher, and different types of mentality would be stirred, respectively, by information concerning books and boots. Just as beauty dwells in the eye of the beholder, so interest lies latent in a reader's mind, waiting to be evoked, but capable of infinite development. It is astonishing how many educated people, even in these days of cheap editions, neglect to make the most of their capacity for enlarging their interests; fail to realise the amount of sheer enjoyment to be derived from reading, acquiring knowledge, or pursuing some chosen path of research.

Few men have done more to enable the reading public to develop their faculties of interest, by providing unlimited material at a moderate cost, than the author of "EVERYMAN REMEMBERS." By Ernest Rhys. Editor of Everyman's Library. Illustrated with eight Portraits (Dent; 12s. 6d.). In this delightful book Mr. Rhys has not given us a complete autobiography, but rather a series of selected memories vividly dramatised and richly provided with anecdote and conversation. Unlike many autobiographers, Mr. Rhys glides very lightly over his origin, family, and early years. His reminiscences begin in 1885, when he returned to London, his birthplace, after eighteen years spent in Wales and the North of England as a mining engineer, and began to live by his pen. It is from that point, he evidently thinks, that his career becomes interesting for its innumerable contacts with famous writers: to name but a few—Swinburne, William Morris, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, W. B. Yeats, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and John Galsworthy. He has, in fact, called up scenes of literary London during several generations: "London," he says of his book, "is the chief character, the real protagonist of the drama."

Some of the author's most amusing earlier reminiscences are concerned with the British Museum Library under the ægis of the late Dr. Richard Garnett. One story relates to an adventure of Swinburne's and gives a delicious picture of poetic learning in a fury. The legend runs that one day, when he had been lunching not wisely but too well, he went to the Museum to consult some books and climbed a step-ladder to take down a large volume of an encyclopædia. "Finding it wedged in rather tightly, somehow or other [he] fetched it out with a terrific jerk, upset the ladder, and brought down the whole row of volumes on top of him with a crash. When the librarians hurried to the scene there was a heap of dusty encyclopædias and two diminutive legs waving excitedly above it. Having extricated him, the rescuers rubbed the dust off his coat, and then, to cool him, his friends—one of whom, I need not say, was William Sharp—led him along the corridor which contains the busts of the Roman emperors. There the calm face of Marcus Aurelius was pointed out to him, to change the subject; but Swinburne was not to be consoled. 'Curse Marcus Aurelius!' he said. 'Of all the disgusting platitudinarians, he was the worst. He was the Tupper of the sixth century.'"

To many readers, no doubt, the most interesting chapter of the book will be that describing the author's relations with the late Mr. J. M. Dent and the making of Everyman's Library. They first met in Gray's Inn in the rooms of Mr. Edward Garnett, who had described Mr. Dent, before his arrival, as "an original East-End bookbinder with an ambition, a rosy face, and a long black beard." Mr. Dent was highly temperamental and a difficult man to deal with, while many financial vicissitudes attended the early days of the famous library. Through all such alarms and excursions, however, Mr. Rhys preserved his admiration for that "Napoleon of publishers," and he generously minimises his own share in the enterprise. "Sometimes people, especially in America," he writes, "have credited me with the main contriving and driving home of the project; but I should never have had the trust or courage to persevere against odds that this intrepid, self-educated bookbinder had. There was a touch of the transcendental in him. . . . And, mind you, it was backed by a genuine belief in the book, beautiful and ideal, which should be the instrument of the living word, and by means of a collective Golden

Commonwealth resolve itself into a League of Books and help to bring about the Peace of the World."

These reminiscences have a personal interest for me, because I had, at one time, a slight acquaintance with both the editor and publisher of Everyman's Library. Mr. Dent I used to meet occasionally, in the philanthropic 'nineties, at Toynbee Hall, and from his benevolent and patriarchal aspect I found it difficult to believe certain rumours, which I heard later, of his hurling ledgers about the office when, like the heroine of "Tantivy Towers," he was "in one of his moods." Mr. Rhys has doubtless forgotten that I was on one occasion among the many scribbling folk whom he delighted to entertain in his home at Hampstead. For he was equally genial to the obscure as to the celebrated.

One of the celebrities of whom Mr. Rhys gives most intimate glimpses is Joseph Conrad, with whom he discussed, during a visit, the latter's methods and ideals. This chapter forms an interesting link with a more extended study of that unique character in our literature, developed from a Polish seafarer into an English novelist. I refer to "JOSEPH CONRAD'S MIND AND METHOD." A

and, for the amount of original work by high authorities, given for a very moderate price within the compass of a single volume. The book in question is "AN OUTLINE OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE." Edited by Dr. William Rose (Victor Gollancz; 8s. 6d.). There are no fewer than twenty-four outlines in all—thirteen of them under the heading Science, Philosophy, and Psychology; seven under Economics, Political Science, and History (with an article on Geography); and four under the Principles of Literature and Art. The book contains 1000 pages and 500,000 words. Necessarily the print is rather small and the illustrations (restricted to the sections on ethnology, archaeology, geography, and sex) not very numerous or highly finished. To give here the complete list of authors and subjects would result in something too much like a catalogue. I need only say that each author is a man of high distinction and a recognised authority. Astronomy, for example, is dealt with by Professor Sampson, Astronomer Royal for Scotland; Biology by Sir J. Arthur Thomson; Archaeology by Professor E. A. Gardner; History by Professor Hearnshaw; the Philosophy of Religion by Dr. W. R. Matthews; Painting and Sculpture by Roger Fry; Literary Criticism by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie. This last chapter deserves the close attention of reviewers.

To summarise a work of such bulk and scope is rather beyond my limits of time and space (to say nothing of my competence!). I must leave it to Dr. Rose, the editor of the volume. "Each contributor," he writes, "outlines the past history of his subject before leading up to an exposition of the present state of knowledge and the relation of his field of work to the life and thought of to-day. Each article has been specially written for this book, and there has been sufficient discussion between the editor and the contributors, and between the contributors themselves, to ensure that it shall fit into its place in the general plan. . . . Each reader will be able to make his own synthesis, and will be helped towards an understanding of the fundamental problem which mankind has still to solve—the problem of life itself, with the questions it entails of free will and survival. . . . In so far as it is possible to construct a clear picture, which must necessarily be a mosaic, of the present achievements of human thought and knowledge, and to summarise the evidence which may point to a directive or purposive agency in the universe, this book attempts to do so."

For reading on kindred lines, several other recent books must be mentioned with exceeding brevity. That new approach of science towards religion, on which I commented last week with reference to Professor Garstang's book, "Joshua Judges," appears again in "THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF BIOLOGY." By Professor J. S. Haldane, C.H., F.R.S. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), an important contribution to modern thought. Three branches of Christianity—the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Free Churches—are brought together in a little book intended to find their "greatest common measure," namely, "GOD AND THE UNIVERSE." The Christian Position. A Symposium. By the Rev. S. C. Carpenter; the Rev. Father M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.; and the Rev. Bertram Lee Woolf. Edited by J. Lewis May (Lane; 3s. 6d.). Of cognate interest are "THE ORIGIN OF LIFE." By Gilbert Rumbold (Norfolk Press; 5s.), and "OUR SUPERCONSCIOUS MIND." By Edith Lyttelton (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.).

Lastly, I would draw attention to two new series, of a general-knowledge type, both consisting of small books attractive in scheme and format. One is called the "How-and-Why" Series, edited by Gerald Bullett, and the first four volumes are "THE GREEKS," by Rosalind Murray, with Preface by Professor Gilbert Murray, illustrated; "THE STORY OF CIVILISATION," by C. E. M. Joad; "THE LIFE OF BIRDS," by T. A. Coward, illustrated; and "THE PAINTBOX." An Introduction to Art. By Martin Armstrong, illustrated (A. and C. Black; 2s. 6d. each). The "Essentials of Life" Series aims at showing whence and how certain everyday things developed. The initial volumes are "TRAVEL," An Account of Its Methods in Past and Present; and "CLOTHING." An Account of its Types and Manufacture. Both by Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Brereton, C.B.E. (Batsford; 4s. each). These little books are well and abundantly illustrated.

I have now noted not a few potential sources of interest, and I trust that my readers will agree that they have been "interesting to note." C. E. B.



THE THIRTY-SECOND TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A LIMOGES ENAMEL TRIPTYCH; SHOWING LOUIS XII., KING OF FRANCE, AND HIS QUEEN, ANNE OF BRITTANY.

This folding triple panel, or triptych, is an example of the small pictures painted in enamel colour on copper, made in France at Limoges in the Renaissance period. The art of applying coloured vitreous enamels to metal is a very ancient one, but it was customary in earlier times, and also in some later work, to outline with metal strips or with engraving the patterns to be filled in, or to form cavities to receive the colours. The free application of enamels in pictorial work was an invention of the fifteenth century, taken up and developed in the great body of work done at Limoges in the sixteenth century. The earlier productions of this school are especially remarkable for firmness of drawing and an unsurpassed richness of colour, qualities seen in this famous triptych, which depicts in the middle panel the Annunciation, and in the flanking panels the donors kneeling in adoration with their patron saints behind them—on the left, Louis XII., King of France (1498-1515), and on the right his Queen, Anne of Brittany, whom he married in 1499. The triptych must have been painted between this year and 1514, the date of the death of the Queen.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

Study of Personality in Art. By R. L. Mégroz. Illustrated (Faber; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Mégroz also had opportunities of discussing with Conrad the principles of his art, as well as hearing reminiscences of his school-days at Cracow. For the rest, the book strikes me as a remarkably able and sympathetic appreciation both of the man and of his work. Here, in the concluding summary, is a penetrating comparison with another writer born, so to speak, of the sea—the present Poet Laureate. "If Conrad had been merely ingenious," writes Mr. Mégroz, "or merely fantastic, he could have served up personal experiences in new settings, content so long as he gave his readers the kernel of facts and plot. If his own experiences had not been exciting enough, he would, like Mr. Masfield, have resorted to melodramatic and richly embroidered invention. *Sard Harkers* and *Odiaas* were well within his means intellectually."

To the long line of publications designed in recent years to bring within the range of Everyman, besides the standard works of the past, the latest conclusions of modern science and modern thought, there has just been added a work of extraordinary interest; without precedent, I should think, in its comprehensive character

THE ART OF ALGERNON NEWTON: LONDON REALITIES AND AN AMERICAN VISION.



"CHEPSTOW VILLAS, BAYSWATER."



"IN HAMPSTEAD."

THAT distinguished artist, Mr. Algernon Newton, is holding an exhibition of his works at the Leicester Galleries, beginning on October 12. Our readers need no introduction to him; for many of his paintings have appeared in "The Illustrated London News"; notably a reproduction in colours of his "Waterloo Bridge," which was given in our issue of November 9, 1929. Mr. Newton's pictures have been compared with those of the great Venetian artist, Canaletto: in this connection, it is interesting to contrast, so far as subject-matter is concerned, Canaletto's "The City of London from Richmond House" (a work reproduced in our issue of March 7) with Mr. Newton's picture of an imaginary, yet typical, United States harbour. In the bold yet delicate handling of sunlight there is a certain affinity between the two, while the great steel pinnacles of modern America contrast remarkably with the low flat sky-line of eighteenth-century London. The other four pictures shown are, to Londoners, of more familiar scenes, but their artistic merit is no less.



"THE HARBOUR."



"THE PUBLIC HOUSE."



"CUMBERLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK."

PICTURES FROM THE WORKS BY ALGERNON NEWTON WHICH ARE TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SLAPSTICK AND SYMBOLISM.

THE fusion of the stage and the screen, with one borrowing from the other and both proceeding in ever-converging lines towards a goal that in many of its aspects displays a growing similarity, is occasionally interrupted by a wholesome reminder of the fundamental difference

obedient to their slapstick sceptres, are content to become their willing subjects in a fantastic realm.

At the other end of the pole stands the great Russian film-producer, Mr. Eisenstein, luring us, he too, into an imaginary world, creating a mental attitude which, infinitely remote as it is from that of the drolls, has this in common—that it is evoked by purely kinematic means. "The Silver Lining," or, as its original title describes it, "Romance Sentimentale," written and directed by Mr. Eisenstein and Mr. G. V. Alexandrov, contains some of the most beautiful and exciting photography it has ever been my lot to see. The alliance between the picture and Mr. Archangel-sky's music is a thing of wonder and inspiration. So closely and so intangibly are the two intertwined that it is almost impossible to differentiate between what is seen and what is heard. The cutting is remarkable. Characteristic in its Russian rapidity and flamboyancy, it is by turns defiant, disturbing, fantastic. It whips the crescendo of sound and sight to almost intolerable heights. In the succeeding peace, the silver light, the mist-wreathed trees, the water from which the veils of storm have been torn away to leave their placidity deep with shadows and reflected gold, are poetry made manifest. The film is a piece of kinematic symbolism and

sheer breath-taking beauty to see again and again. To the technician its interest is well-nigh inexhaustible. To the layman it is as if a door had opened suddenly on to loveliness that is both exultant and austere. Here, indeed, is a masterpiece belonging wholly and truly to the art of the screen.

RICHARD DIX.

Amongst the picturesque personalities of the screen who, through the greater freedom of the "talkies," have been able to draw on a reserve of versatility and sense of character, Mr. Richard Dix ranks high. This young actor from St. Paul, Minnesota—he is still in the middle thirties—has a long list of silent parts to his credit. In all of them, his striking personality and his fine physique caught the public eye. He was always an impressive figure, superbly pictorial in such productions as "Red-skin," but equally successful in comedy parts, which he handled with a quiet sense of humour. Mr. Dix emerged

from the difficult transition period caused by sudden vocal demands not only successfully but even triumphantly. Not only did he prove to be the possessor of an excellent voice, deep, resonant, and clear, but his work seems to have acquired an added elasticity and depth.

Mr. Dix is one of those actors who combine what may best be described as the "grand manner" with a quality of keen concentration and an incisiveness that lend even to a part of conventional contours an inwardness that it does not in itself possess. When a rôle such as that of "Cimarron" falls to his share, he rises to its heights. His creation of the impetuous pioneer in "Cimarron" was a definite contribution to the kinema and a perfect realisation of the author's intentions. Courageous, wayward, and flamboyant, his Yancey Cravat, for all the complexities of the character, stood out from the spectacular background of the American land-rushing days and the lawless traffic of a mushroom town as solidly as a figure hewn in granite. Mr. Dix was confronted with no easy task, for Cravat masked his championship of law and



RICHARD DIX IN "THE PUBLIC DEFENDER," WHICH IS AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, AND IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: THE HANDSOME HERO OF "CIMARRON" AND "DONOVAN'S KID" AS THE IMMACULATE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN IN A PART WHICH IS A "COMBINATION OF RAFFLES AND ROBIN HOOD."—[By Courtesy of Radio Pictures.]



RICHARD TAUBER IN HIS FIRST SOUND-FILM: THE GREAT GERMAN TENOR IN "END OF THE RAINBOW."

Richard Tauber, who made a tremendous success in London this year in "The Land of Smiles," at Drury Lane, can now be seen in his first sound-film, "End of the Rainbow," which started at the Rialto on October 4. As the rustic innkeeper, Toni, he is "discovered" and taken off to sing in Berlin, whence he returns home, only to find his sweetheart being married to another man. In the course of the film, he gives no fewer than twelve new and beautiful songs.

By Courtesy of Universal Pictures.

between the two arts. However successful the operation of transplanting stage material to the screen may be, however inventive the directorial mind in decoration and elaboration, the masterpieces of the kinema are those productions which remain true to the tenets of cinematography, and which, in their movement, their expression, their employment of the wide possibilities of pictorial drama, approach the audience from an angle that is, first and foremost, germane to the screen. There is no restriction or limitation in this definition of genuine kinematic art, since the director may rove from slapstick to symbolism and yet remain within the borders of his province. No greater contrast, for instance, could well be imagined than Mr. S. M. Eisenstein's exquisite two-reeler, "The Silver Lining," and the wholly irresponsible clowning of the Four Marx Brothers; yet both exploit the flexibility of their medium in terms far removed from those of the theatre.

The latest essay in absurdity of the Marx Brothers, entitled "Monkey Business" (Carlton), is not in itself a masterpiece. It does not, in point of fact, possess the sustained entertainment value of their earlier picture, "Animal Crackers," but as an exposition of slapstick it is a case in point, and it is undeniably funny. The term "slapstick comedy," I discover, originated in the old days when the comedian was wont to smite his long-suffering partner over the head with a bladder or a couple of laths fastened together in such fashion as to produce a slapping sound whenever the instrument came into contact with the victim's person. So much, then, the slapstick humour of the screen has stolen from the stage. But the success of those modern exponents of the gentle art of slapstick, Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo Marx, arises not only from their ardent rough-and-tumble or their individual gifts as drolls, but from the tremendous sweep and range permitted to their activities by the screen. Their latest adventures are met on board a Transatlantic liner whereon they embark as stowaways, anon to lead a hectic life of escape, interference, and, finally, bodily peril in the employ of two rival gangsters, whom they alternately endeavour to protect and attack. Their fooling is, however, almost entirely unrelated to what slight story the ultra-observant may discover, and certainly completely detached from the realities of life itself. If Groucho feels impelled to dance, he dances, no matter what the situation of the moment. Harpo, who is no actor, and relies on a childlike delight in pulling faces or creating chaos, bounds through the action in perpetual pursuit of some or any provocative blonde. Chico the imperturbable, and Zeppo the romantic, fill in the gaps with spasms of inexplicable comic inspiration; whilst Groucho, who could, an he would, rise to the eminence of a genuine character-actor, delivers his fluent stream of "wisecracks" to all and sundry. Now, all this extravagant clowning, up and down the liner's decks, in and out of cabins, might defeat its own ends were it not that the screen raises no impediment to its abundant energy as the limitations of a stage-set would do, and, above all, that it is surrounded by a crowd of people as unreal and as absurd as itself. In a mad world the mad Marx Brothers are kings, and we,

order, patriotism and mercy, with a theatricalism that was part and parcel of the man; nor could he close his ears to the call of adventure. That we not only liked but understood and sympathised with this virile man of God was due to the actor's skill and sincerity. With an equal sincerity and that gift of complete conviction which colours all Mr. Dix's work, he steered through the perilous rocks of sentiment in "Donovan's Kid" and lifted the reforming crook, seeking paths of virtue for the sake of a child, from the level of "sob-stuff" fiction. Back again to the immaculate dress-clothes of the wealthy young man-about-town in "The Public Defender," his latest vehicle, Mr. Dix endows even this hero, a combination of Raffles and Robin Hood, with a swift and masterful decision, an easy humour and a strength of purpose that arrest attention. But the part is easy game for Mr. Dix. He is capable of carrying a very much heavier burden on his broad shoulders. With the pictorial aspects of the screen asserting their rights, the film-makers would be well advised to find again for Mr. Dix, as in "Cimarron," the wide canvas, the emotional range, which bring his full powers into play.

A NELSON RELIC REVEALED: THE HUSBAND OF HIS SISTER CATHERINE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. LEGGATT BROS., 30, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1



ONE OF TWO PICTURES RECENTLY BOUGHT FOR £10 AND SOLD LATER FOR 2350 GUINEAS: A PORTRAIT IDENTIFIED AS ONE OF GEORGE MATCHAM, NELSON'S BROTHER-IN-LAW, PAINTED BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST, GILBERT STUART.

The above picture has a romantic history. A suburban dealer recently took to Christie's a pair of portraits (this and another), which he had bought for £10, not knowing who was the painter, but having heard that they might represent members of Nelson's family. Mr. Alec Martin, an authority on the work of Gilbert Stuart (1754-1828), confidently pronounced them to be by that artist. At auction the pair fetched together 2350 guineas. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, the well-known art critic, writes: "The transformation achieved by scientific cleaning is very remarkable, and the small oval portrait now reveals the beautiful tones which Gilbert Stuart rendered when he painted the work at Bath in 1787—worthy of Gainsborough. . . . Aided by the art historian, Mr. William T. Whitley, the purchasers of the portrait, Messrs. Leggatt, have been able definitely to establish the fact that the sitter was that George Matcham who married Nelson's sister

Catherine in 1785. . . . Nelson had a great regard for George Matcham, and I find, after delving into the Nelson papers, that they were in frequent correspondence. Nelson left to Mrs. Matcham a third of his residuary estate, and Parliament voted to her and her sister, Mrs. Bolton, £10,000 each after Trafalgar." Mr. Carter comments on the strange fact that a famous painter's portrait of a man related to one of the most renowned figures in history should thus "emerge from nowhere." George Matcham (1753-1833) was in his younger days a noted traveller. From the "Dictionary of National Biography" we learn that he was educated at Charterhouse and entered the civil service of the East India Company. Retiring in 1783, he made his way home through Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, and the Greek islands. After settling in England in 1785, he lived the life of a country gentleman.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EARLY CHESTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Statute seems to have become a dead letter. Certainly there was no lack of importations in the following century, while at the same time a thousand splendid specimens of indubitably native work bear witness to the ability of English craftsmen.

Of all the forms of decoration that found favour with the Elizabethans, that which the nineteenth century not too accurately named "linenfold" is doubtless the most admired by the average man. Fig. 1 is perhaps not more than a couple of centuries later in time than the rough dug-out of the village church, but it is surely a thousand years ahead in refinement, and, like nearly everything of its kind, has a certain splendid dignity which is lacking in later

Actually a fairly elaborate example, such as the one under consideration, took about two hundred years to evolve from a series of planks. Men began to line walls with boards set upright about

SOMEONE writes to ask whether the long rectangular chest is, or is not, the earliest piece of furniture in England; or whether a bed is not the first essential of any house, or even hovel? The answer is, I suppose, that one can sleep very well on a sheepskin on the bare ground, but that as soon as a man has any personal possessions, he makes some sort of box in which to keep them—and in due course, as he grows sophisticated, begins to ornament it with carving or paint. A stool or bench at a trestle-table is well enough; but the bench can easily be made to do double duty by giving it a base, filling in sides and ends, and hinging the top. The addition of a good lock gives you the family linen cupboard and the earliest form of safe deposit or *coffre-fort*. Now make your chest higher, open the



2. WITH DECORATION INFLUENCED BY THE GLORIES OF A PALACE BUILT BY HENRY VIII.: A NONSUCH CHEST; WITH INLAYS PICTURING THE FAÇADE OF NONSUCH.

The façade of Nonsuch Palace was a favourite subject for inlay for many years after the death of its builder, King Henry VIII.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Acton Surgey, Bruton Street.



1. POSSIBLY NOT MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES LATER IN TIME THAN THE "DUG-OUT," BUT A THOUSAND YEARS AHEAD IN REFINEMENT: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHEST WITH "LINENFOLD" PANELS.

By Courtesy of Messrs. White Allom, George Street, Hanover Square.

front, and you have a plain cupboard; give it a top storey, as it were, set back and supported by bulbous columns, and you have an Elizabethan court cupboard. Lower this, elongate it, raise it on slender legs, give it suavity of form, inlay reminiscent of Pompeii, make it of satinwood instead of oak—and you have an Adam sideboard. Conversely, keep the court-cupboard shape, but deepen it and narrow it, and put in many drawers, and set it on little curved legs—and you have a tallboy. But this is leading us too far; let us go back to beginnings.

Figs. 3 and 4 show the least sophisticated of all chests, the very rude ancestor of hundreds of beautiful types. Here you have, no doubt, the result of a serious talk between the parish priest and members of his flock. The church needs a strong-box—so a single trunk is sawn through and hollowed out and bound with iron bands. In this specimen the locks are later, but the type is one that persisted for hundreds of years throughout the Dark Ages. In 1166 Henry II. ordered a coffin to be placed in every church that his subjects might contribute to the relief of the Holy Land. Some years later, Pope Innocent III. issued instructions exhorting the faithful to deposit their contributions in a hollow trunk as God should move their hearts for the remission of sins. The slot for money is at one side of the lid. After the excitement of the Crusades was over, this slot was forbidden on the ground that it diverted offerings which should have gone to the priest.

An odd little sidelight on tariff questions is afforded by a petition of the Guild of Cofferers to Richard III. in 1483. Flemish furniture was imported in such quantities and at such prices that the trade demanded, not a safeguarding duty, but prohibition of imports; and for a year or so any foreign piece that came into the country was liable to forfeiture. But it is clear from their frequent mention in wills that foreign-made chests were highly esteemed, and after Richard's death the

furniture: for it seems that as men come to appreciate more and more the graces of life, so their surroundings tend to elegance rather than strength. The "linenfold" panel is familiar to the most casual wanderer through a museum, but its evolution is not immediately obvious.

the end of the thirteenth century, and sometimes to join two planks together by a tongue and groove, allowing one to overlap the other, but in such a way that the irregular face was against the wall, while the visible face, thanks to the tongue and groove, presented a plain surface. This method was called "clapboarding"—a word which is almost obsolete in England, but which, like many other old English expressions, is still in quite common use in America.

Later, the plain surface of the boards would be broken up by an occasional rib, sometimes by many

ribs, both vertical and horizontal; and finally the vertical ribs would be finished at the ends with a curve or groove which is sufficient to give the illusion of a piece of cloth. No doubt the imitation was deliberate, but it seems odd that the craftsman of the period does not appear to have called work of this kind anything but "wavy woodwork"—*lignum undulatum*. There is a similar method, which modern writers refer to as "Parchemin," in which the wood was made to resemble a curled piece of parchment.

If a sober "linenfold" chest is the most familiar and admired of all sixteenth-century productions, an example such as Fig. 2 never fails to delight the thousands of people who are more easily charmed by the curious. Nonsuch Palace was built by Henry VIII., and its glories seem to have impressed that and the following generation to an extraordinary degree, for the façade was a favourite subject for inlay for many years after the King's death, and is not infrequently found upon pieces made across the Channel. This example is in walnut—a wood reserved for especially elaborate and costly pieces of furniture at the time—and is inlaid with boxwood, ebony, and holly. In it will be noted the influence of the new learning from the Mediterranean, for the two arches with their columns and pediments—however simply executed—are proof that the old England was beginning to look abroad once more for architectural ideas.



3. AND 4. THE LEAST SOPHISTICATED OF CHESTS: A MEDIAEVAL "DUG-OUT"; RUDE ANCESTOR OF HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL TYPES.

"The church needs a strong-box—so a single trunk is sawn through and hollowed out and bound with iron bands. In this specimen the locks are later, but the type is one that persisted for hundreds of years throughout the Dark Ages."

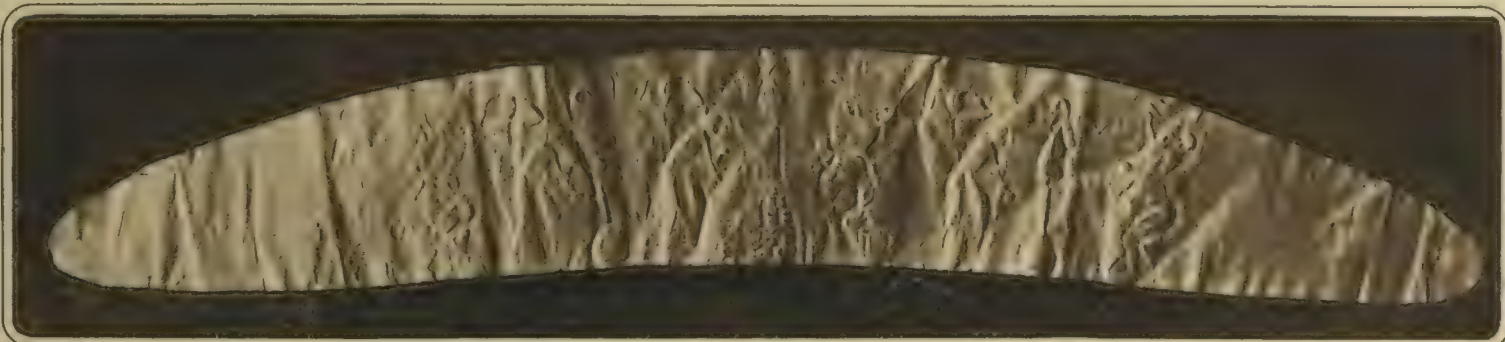
By Courtesy of Messrs. Acton Surgey, Bruton Street.

HERMITAGE TREASURES FOR SALE: GEMS FOR THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, NEW BOND STREET.



1. A HITTITE STATUETTE OF A ROBED AND MITRED PRIEST—IN ELECTRUM. (Possibly Eleventh Century B.C. 2.8 cm. High.)



2. A GOLDEN SEPULCHRAL DIADEM WITH REPOUSSÉ DESIGNS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST. (Hellenistic. 26 cm. Long; 3.8 cm. High.)



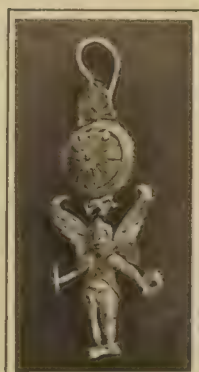
3. A SEPULCHRAL DIADEM FROM ATHENS WHICH IS A MOST IMPORTANT SPECIMEN OF THE GOLD-WORK OF THE GEOMETRIC AGE, AND HAS A DESIGN OF HELMETED WARRIORS GRAPPLING WITH LIONS. (Eighth Century B.C. 29 cm. Long.)



4. AN EARRING FROM CRETE. (End of Fourth Century B.C. 3.3 cm. High.)



5. A SEPULCHRAL WREATH OF GOLD LEAF; WITH A PEACOCK AT EACH END AND A MEDUSA MEDALLION IN THE CENTRE. (Early Fifth Century B.C. 35 cm. Long.)



6. A GOLD EROS EARRING. (Second Century B.C. 2.5 cm. High.)



7. A GOLD WREATH OF OLIVE LEAVES AND BERRIES ATTACHED TO A TUBULAR FRAME CONTAINING A GOLD WIRE JOINED AT THE BACK IN A SO-CALLED "KNOT OF HERACLES." (Fourth Century B.C. From Mytilene. Circumference: 64 cm.)



8. A GOLD DEATH-MASK OF A WOMAN OR A CHILD—THE EYES SHUT; THE HAIR IN TWO ROWS OF TIGHT CURLS OVER THE LOW FOREHEAD—FOUND WITH A GOLD SEPULCHRAL DIADEM. (Sixth or Fifth Century B.C. From Sidon. 13.5 cm. High.)

The objects here illustrated are the property of the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, and, with others of their kind, will be offered for sale by auction at Sotheby's on November 9. For the most part, the jewellery that will come under the hammer is of Hellenistic date, but there are also a number of other important pieces from the eighth to the fourth century B.C., and a collection of Scythian gold-work. Many of the items belong to the Nelidoff Collection, which was purchased by the Russian Government some twenty years ago, and is predominantly Greek in character; others are from the Lemmé Collection; others from the Pharmakowski

Collection. The following notes concern specimens shown on this page: 1. "Perhaps as early as the eleventh century B.C.; but the type seems to have persisted into the eighth century B.C. From Tarsus." 2. The design includes satyrs, women and a wheel-shaped symbol. 3. The panels contain a design of two helmeted warriors standing back to back facing outwards, each grappling with a lion facing inwards. 4. This is one of a pair. 5. Each of the sprays ends in a peacock with tail spread; between, and possibly belonging, is a medallion of Medusa surrounded by snakes. 6. This is one of a pair.

DISTINCTIVE FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.



BISHOP SLEEVES IN A TAILORED DRESS: STUDIED ELABORATION INVADERS SPORTS CLOTHES.

Even sports clothes have abandoned a little of their severity. Above is a charming Jaeger model of beige chenille whose simplicity of line is unexpectedly contrasted by the wide "bishop" sleeves caught in at the wrist. The accompanying belt, tie, and buttons are of dark magenta-coloured suede.



FOR TRAVELLING AND SPORTING ENGAGEMENTS: CUMBERLAND TWEED FLECKED WITH BLACK, WHITE, AND GREEN.

A cardigan suit with a coat to match is effective and practical. For travelling or sports wear, the ensemble photographed above is excellent. The cardigan suit is slimly tailored, and the coat has a graceful flare. The price complete is only £7 15s. at H. J. Nicoll's, of Regent Street, W.



ELABORATE SLEEVES AND ANKLE-LENGTH SKIRT: A DISTINCTIVE FROCK FOR AUTUMN AFTERNOONS.

Afternoon frocks are distinguished this season by the elaboration of their sleeves. These may be "puffed" or long and hanging. The striking model above is carried out in black and white velvet, embroidered *à jour* round the hips. It may be seen at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.



GRECIAN LINES WITH A VICTORIAN CAPE: A CHARMING ENSEMBLE CARRIED OUT IN BLACK RING VELVET.

The ubiquitous short evening coat is finding many rivals in the autumn collections. Circular scarves, one-sided berthes, and capes accompany the dresses. Above is a charming variation, a cape coatee fastening in front with a buckle, completing a dress of black ring velvet. At Liberty's, Regent Street, W.



THE RETURN OF THE LONG EVENING COAT: BLACK VELVET DECORATIVELY STENCILLED WITH METAL.

The long evening coat has returned to favour this winter, and will prove extremely comforting in the cold weather. Above is a beautiful wrap from Liberty's, Regent Street, W. It is of black velvet trimmed with fur and decorated with a deep border delicately stencilled in gold and coloured metals.



INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL: MODERN "SCIENTIFIC" JEWELS OF GREAT BEAUTY AND LITTLE COST.

The reproduction of precious stones has reached a fine art. The Ciro pearls and diamond ring photographed above would deceive many an expert. The pearls are perfectly matched, and the elusive tints reproduce exactly those of the finest deep-sea gems. The diamonds are the latest discovery, and reflect the fires of the mined gems.

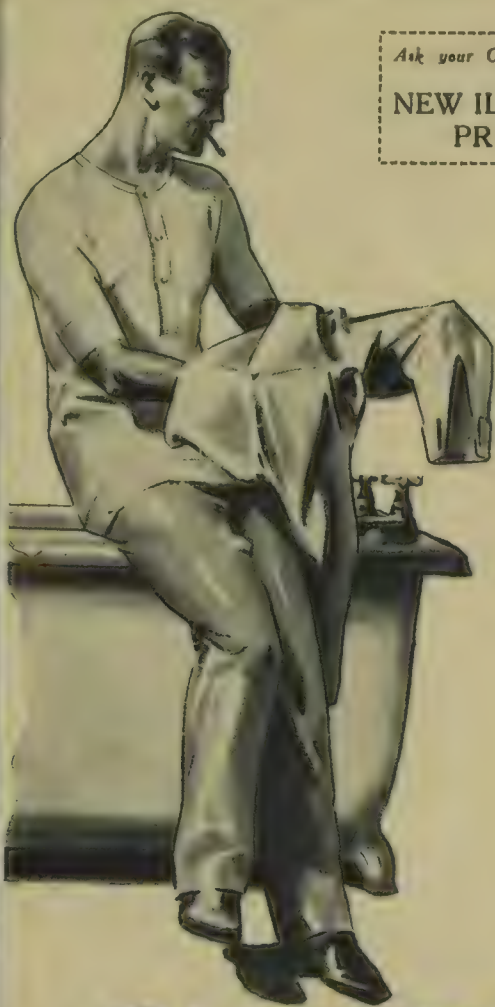
THE VOGUE FOR THE SHORT "IN AND OUT-OF-DOOR" COAT: AN ATTRACTIVE VERSION FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN A SMOOTH VELVET COLLARED WITH FUR.

Women do not readily relinquish a fashion that is both becoming and comfortable. Consequently it is not surprising that the short evening jacket is still with us, though in a slightly different form. It is no longer important that it should match the frock. On the contrary, this season it is smarter to contrast coat and dress both in colour and material. Theatre and bridge coats are of heavier fabrics, and have elaborate sleeves. Above is a characteristic model carried out in black velvet with a collar of fur. At the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.



A NEW PRODUCT OF MODERN INGENUITY: CIRO DIAMONDS, WHICH REFLECT THE FIRE AND LIFE OF THE MUCH-PRIZED PRECIOUS STONE.

In these days, costly gems are the prerogative of the comparatively few. Yet every woman loves beautiful jewels, and can now satisfy her longing by the Ciro gems, which come within the range of every pocket. The new Ciro diamonds are perfect reproductions, and may now be seen in the Ciro salons at 178, Regent Street, W.



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for the
**NEW ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LIST**

AFTER a lamentable Summer, Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear will fortify you for the Winter. These agreeable, easy-fitting and thoroughly well-made garments give the right warmth at every moment and stand unlimited hard use. There are Vests, Pants, Trunk Drawers, Pyjamas and Combinations in all sizes.

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No. B.S. 510. Bedsread in fine natural linen with hand embroidery and real filet lace edging.

72 x 90 ins. Each 63/-
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Coloured Linen Bedsreads of heavy quality with hemstitched border and openwork veining. Colours: Blue, Pink, Peach, Green.

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Carriage and C.O.D. Fees paid on orders of 20/- upwards in U.K.

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Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication.

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's

Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist, and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

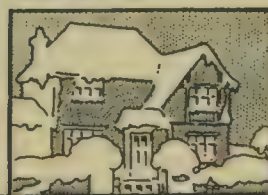
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CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use **Cuticura Preparations** every day. The **Soap** cleanses, the **Ointment** heals and the **Talcum** imparts a pleasing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.



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in your household expenses with its healthy ventilated warmth day and night. Uses only about one farthing's worth of Anthracite—Britain's cleanest and safest fuel—per hour. Simple to regulate to suit our variable climate and inexpensive to instal. Safer and cheaper than Gas or Electricity.



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Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTORISTS often wonder why the list price of the chassis is comparatively so much higher than the full inclusive cost of car with bodywork complete. In some cases, this deters them from buying the chassis from the maker, and they have specialised coachwork built for them by their own particular craftsmen. The fact is that most of the makers of the popular cars wish to sell their vehicles to the public with the standard bodies they themselves provide. Consequently, they put a high price on the chassis as stripped, so as not to encourage the private coachbuilder. Actually, the difference between the price of the fully complete car and that of the chassis does not always represent the total cost of the body. One British manufacturer making a popular chassis has lately reversed this policy and has substantially reduced chassis prices for his models, in order to encourage the demand for specialised bodywork. In addition to their standard models, no fewer than thirty-four specialised body-styles are available, some actually selling for less than the standard model. This is the Rover Company, which has invited the co-operation of nine of the leading coachbuilders, with the result that one can obtain eight specialised styles of body on the 10-h.p. chassis, ranging in price from £168 to £225. The cheapest standard Rover "Ten" saloon sells for £179, as built by that company. On both the 12-h.p. and the 2-litre Rover, nine models with special coachwork are listed, including two pressed-steel saloons.

St. Dunstan's
Saloon Mats.

I hope everyone who goes to the Motor Show at Olympia will visit the stall there occupied by St.

Dunstan's. This organisation, so helpful to the blind, has had a stand at the Motor Show for a number of years. Hitherto, they have made a display, particularly, of coco-fibre mats. This year they are not doing so, as, since the advent of the saloon, few people use this form of floor-covering. In place of these fibre mats, St. Dunstan's are introducing to the motoring world their hand-made carpets, which should be a popular accessory for comfort. There are three grades on the stall: one which retails at 3s. per square foot, another at 4s. 3d. per sq. ft., and the third—a new quality, which is about 1 in. thick—at 5s. 6d. per sq. ft. This latter is a most luxurious carpet, and makes an excellent job for the floors of better-class

cars. Here also motorists will find foot-muffs, which can be made in various shades to match the floor-carpet of the cars in which they are to be used. St. Dunstan's, by the way, are one of the few makers of foot-mats who really make them to measure, as they not only construct them to any size, but also to any special shape for a very small extra cost. The Turkan foot-muffs they supply from 9s. 6d. upwards. Another article also made by the blind is the unfitted luncheon-basket. Nowadays, the economy motorist—whether it be spring, summer, or winter—usually carries his luncheon or tea in the saloon, and eats it inside the car if the weather be too inclement to take it in the open air. Therefore, St. Dunstan's baskets should find purchasers, although the weather is somewhat chilly.

World's Record
Speed-Craft.

One of the most interesting features of the forthcoming Olympia Motor Show will be the grouping in the centre of the exhibition of the three swiftest vehicles in the world. These are Lord Wakefield's speed-boat, *Miss England II.*, Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Blue-Bird" car, and the Vickers Supermarine sea-plane, all three of which are engine by Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd. The last-named has just put up the marvellous speed-record of 408.2 m.p.h., flown by Flight-Lieut. George Stainforth. Wonderful as the water and land speed records are, this aircraft speed makes them appear as slow as the proverbial mule. Few people really realise how valuable these speed-trials are on land, water, and in the air for improving the ordinary standard motor-car, motor-boat, and power-unit for aeroplanes. Quite recently, Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the managing-director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., gave his opinion that speed attempts like the Schneider Trophy Race have resulted in all the main components of the engine undergoing a definite improvement. In consequence, the life of the standard engine in service will be much longer than it would otherwise have been. This also applies to the engines in racing boats and cars. From the development point of view, he added, the Schneider Trophy contest is almost an economy, because it saves so much time in arriving at certain technical improvements. It is not too much to say that research for this race, over the past two years, is what the Rolls-Royce aero-engine department would otherwise have taken six to ten years to learn. Britain's supremacy in the manufacture of aircraft is generally recognised, and is due to the experience and knowledge gained in competitions such as the Schneider Trophy.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND," AT THE CAMBRIDGE.

OPINION seems to be sharply divided as to the merits of this play, but there can be no two as to Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's performance as Elizabeth. She is an odious figure; a liar, treacherous, sensual, unforgiving, but beneath it all is an essential majesty and a sincere and moving love of her country. Miss Neilson-Terry spares herself nothing; all she retains of her own personality is her haughty carriage when in her robes of state. For the rest, she looks a raddled hag, with malicious eyes and cruel lips. The scene in her bedchamber is a ghastly one. When Essex forces his way in, her efforts to keep her lover's eyes from seeing her sunken cheeks and wisps of hair were pathetic. When Essex, his back turned to her, catches sight of her reflection in a mirror, his fate is sealed. As Essex, Mr. Leslie Perrins gives a fine performance; he shows the charm—a cheap and somewhat vulgar one, perhaps—that won Elizabeth's affections. Mr. Matheson Lang has too few opportunities as Philip of Spain, but manages to display the intolerant bigotry of the man. The drama itself wages a losing fight with the spectacular. Elizabeth's flight in her night-clothes from her would-be kidnappers was curiously ineffective. But Mr. Charles Rickett's scenery is a joy to the eye.

"BLUE SKY BEYOND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Mr. Keneth Kent, a character-actor of considerable ability, finding himself never cast for a Cockney rôle, has written one for himself. But unhappily he has been too modest. His is the most amusing performance in the play, but he has given himself too little to do. Lesley Dean, a divorced yet dutiful wife, in that she brings up from infancy the child of her husband's partner in sin, is an artist whose dog-studies are invariably hung in the Royal Academy . . . until she falls in love with a flaxen-haired artist and devotes so much time to his work that her own is neglected. Then her adopted daughter, after two years in Paris—where, rather surprisingly, she has developed from a very rustic maiden into a revue star—arrives on the scene and proceeds to vamp the young man. He succumbs to her enchantments and bolts to Paris. But in the last act he returns home, is duly forgiven, marries, and lives happily. A mild, amateurish sort of play; adequately enough acted, but not sufficiently so to win the play a reward beyond its merits.

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10 FOR 8^p 20 FOR 1/4
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With or without
Cork Tips

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"Investigate Before ... You Invest!"

DO YOU REALISE that the World's Record Dependability Demonstration was carried out this summer?

Between 5-30 p.m. on June 22 and the same hour on June 25 last, 194 standard, stock cars, owned and driven by motor vehicle dealers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, travelled 334,930 miles, without a single involuntary stoppage. Day and night they ran, for three days and nights, stopping only to change drivers, to replenish petrol-tanks, at scheduled points and times.

Those cars gave the clearest possible evidence of complete trustworthiness. But in doing that they simultaneously made plain the ability of their owners to keep them in A-1 running order, first-class trim.



At the conclusion of the Demonstration, English and Welsh participants rallied at Stratford on Avon, to fight their battles o'er again: Entering Stratford.

A car that can be driven continuously for such a period, without harm, without a hitch, is a desirable car. And when not one car, or a few cars, but 194 of them, all of one make, and all genuinely standard, stock cars, ranging from two days to two years old, can travel 334,930 miles without an involuntary



The Rally of Dependability Demonstration participants at Stratford on Avon: Similar gatherings were convened for the Irish and Scottish Dealers, at appropriate centres.



These three ladies shared the whole 72 hours' driving of this car, entered by an Edinburgh Dealer. Their Ford covered 1,894 miles without an involuntary halt.

stoppage, one thing is manifest—namely, that cars like those are the sort of cars wanted by the average, representative buyer.

Why, then, should not you own a car like one of those? Why should not you buy it from a Dealer like one of those?

The cars concerned were Ford cars, built at Trafford Park,



Lancaster's Chief Constable made himself personally responsible for the custody of a local Dealer's Ford, on its completion of three days and nights, non-stop.

Manchester. The least costly was a £180 car. The highest-priced cost only £225.

Every owner of a Ford car has, at instant command, anywhere and everywhere, Ford Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with definite, fixed, low charges for every operation, every replacement.

The Ford owner knows, right at the outset, the exact cost of everything he can ever want for, or want done to, his car, from a wash-and-polish to a complete overhaul.

Considerations of this nature suggest that you should *Investigate before you Invest*. The nearest FORD Dealer will assist your investigation. You can ask no question he cannot answer.

LINCOLN



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To get the Name and Address of your Nearest FORD Dealer, write to
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 88, Regent Street, London, W.1.

CUSHIONS OF THE DIVAN OF DELIGHT.

(Continued from Page 550.)

The seventeenth century was the period of reaction. Tobacco was violently attacked from all sorts of quarters and on all sorts of grounds—hygienic, spiritual, moral, and perhaps we should add precautionary, for the use of tobacco was doubtless a cause of many disastrous fires. James I. wrote a pompous diatribe against it, and actually made it the subject of a solemn debate in his royal presence at Oxford. In Germany and Switzerland it was totally prohibited, under the most severe penalties. Pope Urban VIII. forbade its use in the churches of Seville on pain of excommunication. But perhaps its most ferocious opponent was the Sultan Murad IV., who prescribed the death penalty for it, and used it as one of numerous pretexts for the slaughter of 25,000 victims within five years. But neither tyrants nor terrors could avail. Tobacco-smoke ascended in increasing volume in every country of Europe and Asia. High and low puffed away, regardless of all fulminations—the clergy, apparently, at the head of the movement; for we read that they brought Urban VIII.'s denunciation upon their heads by their incorrigible habit, in Italy and Spain, of smoking and snuff-taking during the celebration of Mass.

The weed triumphed over all opposition. "By the beginning of the eighteenth century the whole world had surrendered to tobacco." Principalities and powers, far from prohibiting such a popular weakness, had learned to trade upon it; in other words, they had discovered that it could be an extremely profitable source of revenue. Both sexes became unrestrained addicts. Nothing could be more erroneous than the notion that smoking among women is "modern," for in 1715 we find a certain Madame Leucorande writing a brochure with the pleasing title: "A Sound and Pleasant Proof that a Respectable Woman may sometimes enter a Coffee-house without Damage to her Good Name, and moreover she may, and should, treat herself to a Pipe of Tobacco." It is true that in its simple form of smoke, tobacco became *déclassé*, and among the upper classes yielded to snuff (a far more insidious vice); but it was to come back to the world, and especially to England, in its proper character in the nineteenth century. Until that time, the cigar, though of very ancient origin and known even to the Aztecs, was unfamiliar to Europe. Cigars began to appear about 1809 and "soon became so popular that in England and France they won back for smoking its old social position, which had been almost eclipsed by snuff-taking." This marked an epoch, and another, we fancy (though Count Corti does not inform us on this point) must have been marked by the introduction of the briar-root pipe, which, in England at least, restored to respectability the pipe-smoking which erewhile had had no better medium than clay and porcelain.

But in the meantime another era had begun with the cigarette, and it is in that era that we now live. Cigarettes,

too, were of ancient date, but obtained no general currency in Europe until after the Crimean War. To-day their consumption reaches fabulous proportions. In the United States, for example, the output of cigarettes is 800 per annum per head of population: in Germany, 600 per annum per head. Of a truth, tobacco, in some form or other, has emerged triumphant from all vicissitudes.

From the famous historical names which occur in this volume, interesting rival teams may be made up. *Kapnophiles*: Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Schiller, Napoleon III., Moltke, Bismarck, Thackeray, Bach, Beethoven, Edison. *Kapnophobes*: Dr. Johnson (a snuff-taker), Bonaparte (a great snuff-taker), Goethe, the Duke of Wellington, Immanuel Kant, Queen Victoria, Henry Ford. Between such distinguished adversaries, God defend the right!

C. K. A.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE "PROMS." AND OPERA.

LAST week saw the conclusion of the present season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. It must have been a record season, for the house was always full and frequently sold out during the eight weeks. The Bach and Beethoven nights were perhaps, on the whole, the most consistently popular; but it is to be hoped that the policy of single-composer nights will not be developed further, for it can result in extremely monotonous evenings. Only a few of the greatest composers can stand this ordeal, and even in their case it is not an ideal method of programme-making to devote a whole evening to a single composer. In some cases the result is disastrous—as, for example, with Delius, whose music, whatever one may think of it, has little variety of expression, and is so poor rhythmically that a whole evening of it reduces one to a state of lethargy, whereas the effect of a single work in a well-chosen programme might be delightful.

There is more to be said for national nights, and the English, or, rather, British, composers' nights were among the most successful. No new talent of startling quality was revealed. As usual, the solists were a very mixed lot. A lack of vitality is the chief defect of our young instrumentalists, and often those who appear to have vigour are merely crude. Our singers mostly suffer from one very serious defect—that one can rarely understand what they are singing. This bad articulation is at the root of nearly all poor singing, and the inadequate training our singers get in this respect shows itself

immediately they have to perform in opera in English, when it becomes a matter of first importance that an audience should be able to hear the words clearly. Even such an accomplished and experienced singer as Miss Dorothy Silk was not free from faulty diction in her Bach arias on Sept. 16. Some of our singers have not even learned to sing in tune, although they will lay on expression as thick as the colour a bad painter might use to disguise poor drawing. It was a pleasure, therefore, when singers had both true intonation and good diction, as was the case with Mr. Frank Phillips last week, when he sang the delightful aria from Haydn's "Creation," "With joy the impatient husbandman."

The merits of the present British Opera Company playing at Covent Garden are not being fully appreciated by the public. Their productions unfortunately vary somewhat too much in merit. Also the public which ought to support these seasons of opera in English at Covent Garden is the large new public that supports the "Promenades" and the B.B.C. symphony concerts, and this public has not yet been reached. It would be a good idea if, in future years, the opera in English at Covent Garden started immediately after the finish of the "Proms." The opera ought also to be well advertised in the "Prom." programmes, especially as both the "Proms." and the opera are subsidised by the B.B.C. Another requirement is cheaper seats. Opera in English by British artists must be given at popular prices. Since it cannot yet compete in quality with the international season at Covent Garden, and since it appeals to a wider public, the ordinary theatre and concert-going public, the prices should be ordinary theatre or concert prices.

Some of the present productions at Covent Garden are extremely good. Rossini's "Barber of Seville," produced last week for the first time this season, is one of the best shows in town, and in most respects the best of the company's productions. Percy Heming gave a really artistic performance as Dr. Bartolo. William Anderson's Basilio made one think of Chaliapin, and stood the comparison very well. Frank Sale's Figaro was marred chiefly by inaudibility—an unforgivable fault in so witty and entertaining a libretto as "The Barber of Seville." And I must not forget the Count Almaviva of Ben Williams (who sang better, however, as Don José in "Carmen") and the Rosina of Nora Gruhn.

(Continued in column 3 overleaf.)

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THE CAVE TEMPLES OF WU CHOU SHAN.

(Continued from Page 553.)

could only be taken with flashlight. In several of the caves there is left a large square central pillar of stone, which serves the double function of providing the material for the central subjects of sculpture and of acting as a support to the roof (see Fig. b). Many of the caves are divided into an outer ante-chamber and a larger main chamber. In all of them the walls and the facings of the central pillars, and even the roofs, are covered with a profusion of representations of Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and sacred scenes of endless variety. In fact, it is safe to say that in the main caves there does not exist a square inch of space where the chisel has not done its work: everywhere one is confronted with sacred figures ranging from the smallest, perhaps an inch in height, to the largest, which may measure well over fifty feet.

To-day only one temple, the Shih Fo Ssu, remains in anything like repair. The other nine have long since fallen into decay, and of most of them no trace is left save the caves in the hillside, to which there was originally a long approach through courtyards and temple buildings. Illustration a gives a general idea of the arrangement of the Shih Fo Temple, particularly of the four-storeyed wooden structures erected against the face of the cliff, and concealing both the upper and lower openings into the caves. The finest cave is undoubtedly the central one of the Shih Fo Ssu. It is about 60 feet high, 44 feet in breadth, and 42 feet in depth. In the centre is a large stone pillar, about 24 feet square, extending right to the roof. On the four surfaces of this pillar the main motifs are executed, and almost at the level of the roof a window is cut in the rock which can be reached by wooden stairs leading to the top storey of the outer structure. Fig. b gives a view through this window, and shows the type of work with which the central pillar is covered. The side walls of this cave are occupied by a wealth of Buddhist sculpture extending right to the roof. One of the most interesting features is a series of bas-reliefs depicting scenes from the life of Buddha which are to be found stretching round the walls in an unbroken sequence close to the ground. These are the earliest portrayals of the life of Buddha to be found in China, and the whole manner in which the themes are treated is very similar to that practised by the Gandhara school.

To the east of this main cave there are five other caves of similar dimensions, and a large number of smaller examples. The one immediately to the east is approached from the same courtyard. The main feature of the cave is that it contains a gigantic seated figure of Buddha some 56 feet in height. By mounting the staircase which leads to the topmost storey of the outer building, the visitor (or the pilgrim) is brought to the level of the enormous gilded head with its insipidly complacent face, bossed forehead, and dependent ear-lobes. The side walls of the opening through which the face of the Buddha may be viewed are covered with some rather interesting work. The photograph depicts the appearance of the western wall (Fig. c).

Still further to the east the caves are in a very dilapidated condition, and the entrances to many have been blocked up by mud walls and stones in an effort to preserve the figures within from thieves, who will perpetrate any act of vandalism for the sake of the pay that curio-dealers are ready to give them. One of two Bodhisattvas accompanying a large Buddha may be seen in Fig. 7. The ornate head-dress of the Bodhisattvas is particularly worthy of attention.

To the west of the main Shih Fo Temple there extends a long line of cliff which contains some thirty larger caves and an innumerable number of smaller excavations. Fig. 1 gives a general idea of a small section of the cliff immediately beyond the Shih Fo Ssu.

One of the most interesting features of the whole place is to be found at the entrance to the cave seen on the extreme right of Fig. 1. On either side of the entrance are depicted figures which plainly show a Græco-Roman influence (Figs. 3 and 8). The lower standing figures with the winged headgear and the trident in one hand show an unusual combination of the attributes of Neptune and Mercury, and in the opposite hand may perhaps be the wand of Bacchus. The upper many-headed deities seated upon bull and eagle respectively are again strikingly reminiscent of classical mythology. Sir Aurel Stein, however, has shown that this bizarre adaptation of Græco-Roman mythology is not unknown in Buddhist sculpture.

One cave is of unusual interest, as it contains the only inscription of antiquity to be found in the whole locality. Edouard Chavannes, in his masterly description of the caves at Yün Kang, remarks that to-day one looks in vain for all inscriptions, which

owing to the friable nature of the stone have completely disappeared. He would seem, however, to have overlooked this one, which, so far as can be ascertained, is the only surviving example. The inscription is to be found high up on the east wall immediately within the entrance to the cave. The tablet records the decision of 54 disciples of Buddha to erect a stone image "on the 30th day of the 8th month of 7th year of T'ai Ho" (483 A.D.).

Evidence of recent vandalism is seen in the denuded area situated towards the left-hand side of Fig. 2. The Chinese characters, recently scribbled on to the smooth surface by one of the few remaining priests, record that "on the 2nd day of the 11th month of the 18th year of the Chinese Republic [i.e., Nov. 2nd, 1929] it was discovered that eleven figures were stolen from this cave." Space fails to tell of the wealth of detail which awaits investigation at Wu Chou Shan, and of the many artistic gems which may be found there. Fig. 6 is only representative of many figures which pass almost unnoticed on account of their profusion, and yet it would be difficult to imagine a more dignified expression of calm contemplation than this sculpture conveys. Unfortunately, the head of this figure was removed by some vandal about the end of 1929.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC (continued).

Rossini's opera is one of those masterpieces which never stale, and there is no better entertainment in London than this gay and sparkling opera.

The "Carmen," produced on Oct. 1, was more unequal. Ben Williams is a tenor of more than ordinary gifts, and his Don José was one of the best things I have heard him do. Arthur Fear's Escamillo was of quite exceptional merit. I have rarely heard the Toreador's song better or more effectively sung. A freedom from many of the conventional tricks of the more corrupted type of Italian baritone, clear diction, and real vitality made his performance an exceptional one. Whatever Enid Cruickshank's Carmen lacked vocally, she did not lack in verve and vigour. Miss Cruickshank's dancing is rather sketchy, however, and it would be well if she could find time to practise the castanets. These, however, are the sort of important refinements which the British Opera Company will gain in the course of its career, and they are refinements which are not always to be found in good opera houses even on the Continent.

W. J. TURNER.

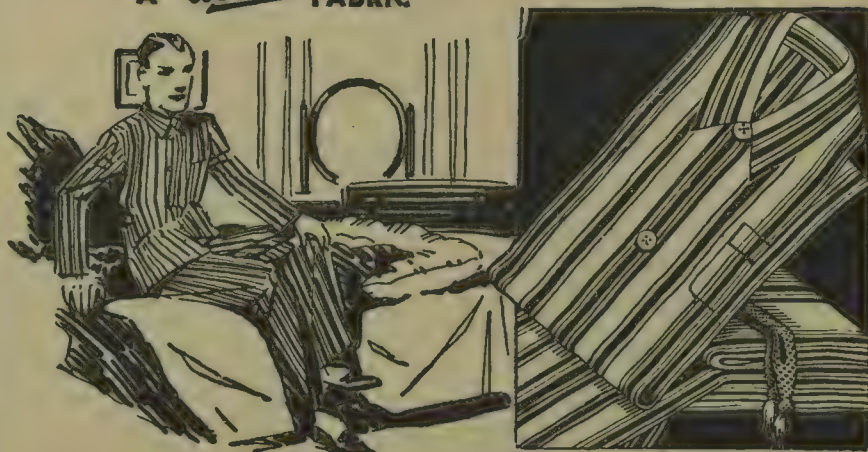
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Spain is making headway with the first definitive series for the Republic, of which only one value has yet come to hand. It is the 30 centimos carmine, with a portrait of Pablo Iglesias. The stamps will bear divers portraits of leaders of the Republican spirit, including one of the famous rebel author, Vicente

Blasco Ibañez. He will be pictured on the 2 centimos. The Balkan States figure among the interesting stamps of this week. From Bulgaria there is a striking set of seven stamps depicting athletics in connection with this year's "Balkanad" or Balkan Games at Sofia. The values are in leva, and the subjects represented are: 1 l. green, the gymnasium; 2 l. maroon, football; 4 l. rose, horse-jumping; 5 l. blue-green, swordsmanship; 10 l. orange-red, cycling; 12 l. grey-blue, swimming; and 50 l. brown, an allegory of the athlete victorious.

There is a brand-new set from Jugo-Slavia, in which the name of the country is given in the old Cyrillic characters and repeated in Roman letters. They spell it "Jugoslavija." A new portrait of the King wearing rimless pince-nez appears on each of the ordinary stamps—25 paras black, 50 p. green, 1 dinar scarlet, 3 d. slate-blue, 5 d. violet, 10 d. olive, 15 d. brown. There are also five new postage dues, in a new arms type—50 p. dull violet, 1 d. rosy-mauve, 2 d. blue, 5 d. orange, and 10 d. brown.



ONE OF THE SPORTING STAMPS FOR BULGARIA'S "OLYMPIC GAMES."

The new 2-francs maroon stamp of France depicting the Arc de Triomphe is a welcome improvement on other recent French stamps. It is recess-plate printed after a drawing by F. Bivel, engraved by A. Delzers. We are promised for next year a stamp in honour of Victor Hugo, but it is rather alarming to learn that the design which has been selected, in addition to presenting a medallion of Hugo in the prime of life, will show also five or six of the greatest characters he created in "Les Misérables," "Notre Dame," and other works. All in the compass of a stamp!

Austria contributes a well-engraved miniature portrait-gallery of her literary celebrities. This makes an interesting companion-set to the very popular set of 1922 presenting Austria's great musicians, whose names and portraits were much more familiar to the world at large than are the poets, dramatists, and novelists now introduced. They are Ferdinand Raimund, Franz Grillparzer, Johann Nestroy, Adalbert Stifter, Ludwig Anzengruber, and Peter Rosegger.



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There is an elaborate new pictorial set, fifteen values from 10 centimes to 20 francs, from Ruanda-Urundi, the portions of the former German East Africa now administered by the Belgians in association with the Government of the Belgian Congo. They present a wide range of native subjects. The prettiest set of the newcomers is a series of eight air-mail stamps for the Sudan. They are bi-coloured, the central picture of each stamp showing the statue to General Gordon at Khartoum, with a mail-plane in flight over the desert beyond.



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The overhead, intensely vivid, sun wipes out all shadow, raising every light to highest power. Light of varnished leaves that flash beneath the fingers of the wind; blank fiery stare of sands; innumerable sparkling laughter of the sea—all these the sun, marching across the zenith, melts into one sole multicoloured blaze that seems to hang afloat, incredible, in the heliotrope-coloured sky. Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long, you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferry boats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves, and the Harbour Bridge rainbowing across a wintry sky. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire, but lasts no longer. You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question, "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer—until too late." . . . You'll allow nothing to interrupt you when you read this story of the man who found the answer amid the glitter of gold. "The Golden Virgin" by Beatrice Grimshaw.

"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.



I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly. "THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" is a fast moving story in the October issue.

"GOOD MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN..."

by Christine Jope-Slade

"THREE BAGS OF OPIUM"

by Edgar Jepson and Patrick Bates

"SHOOT THOSE CROONING TENORS"

by Hannen Swaffer

"THE GOLDEN VIRGIN"

by Beatrice Grimshaw

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVE STORY"

by Hector Bolitho

"ROCKETING TO THE STARS"

by Lady Drummond-Hay

"THE WORLD'S MOST DIFFICULT FAMILY"

by Ferdinand Tuohy

"BEING A FAMOUS NOVELIST ISN'T ALL BEER & SKITTLES"

by Gilbert Frankau

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE CAPTAIN OF KÖPENICK"

by Gordon Beckles

"THE QUEST OF THE CAR IN 1932"

by The Earl of Cardigan

"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE ASSASSINATION OF PAUL THE FIRST OF RUSSIA"

described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.

"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?"

by Theodora Benson

"TRUTH IS MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION"

by Sydney Tremayne

"ROOMS THAT ARE TWO-IN-ONE"

by Winifred Lewis

"THE GLASGOW SMASHER"

by Guy Gilpatric

BOOKS, reviewed by Arnold Palmer

"AUTUMN—WINTER, 1931"

by Madge Garland

"THE NURSELESS HOME"

by Carol Avis

WINTER NECESSITIES

A KNITTED CARDIGAN

CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH

"HOME-MADE WINES"

by C. Hughes Hallett

WINTER STEWS

"SOME SIMPLE RECIPES FROM ABROAD"

by A. H. Adair

"THE END OF THE WASHING-UP PROBLEM"

by Len Chaloner

"EXERCISE AND SCIENTIFIC SLEEPING"

by Leonard Henslowe

"THE OMNIBUS HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT"

by "Chrysis"

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conducted by Eleanor E. Helme

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Later in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was 'pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks . . . He smiles the whole time.'

Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride . . .

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

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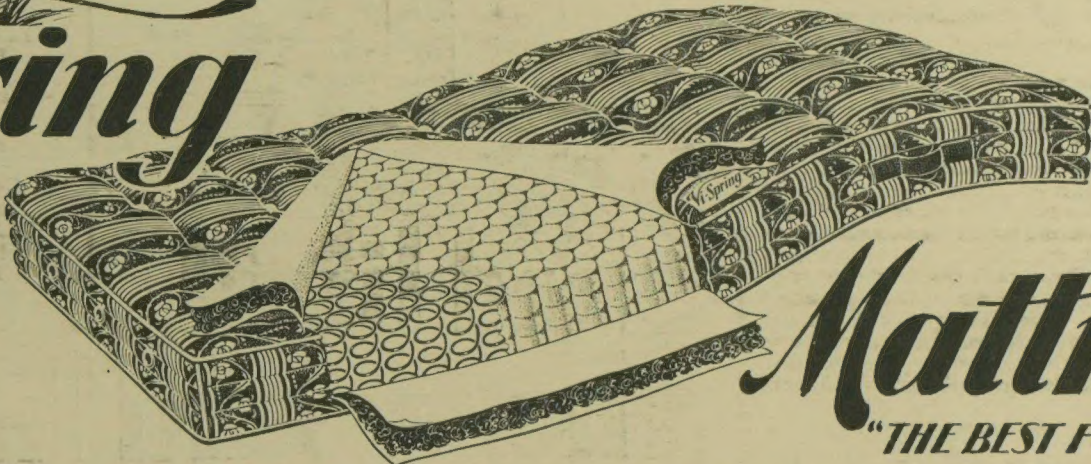
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